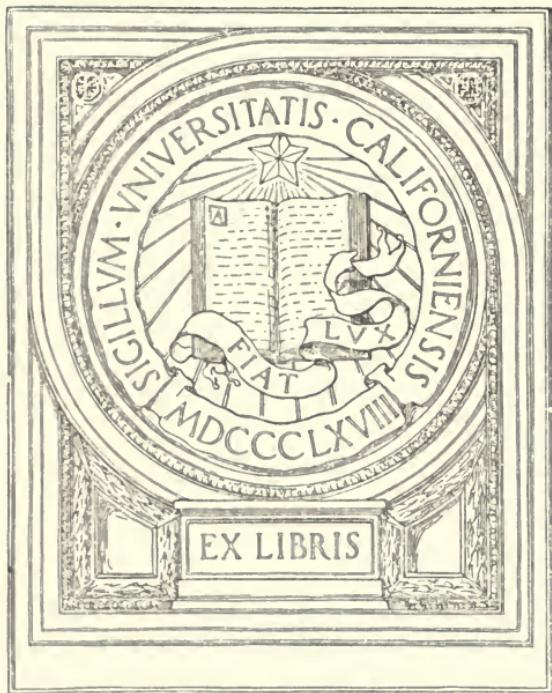


INGALLS
OF
KANSAS

William Elsey Connelley





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INGALLS OF KANSAS

A CHARACTER STUDY

BY

WILLIAM ELSEY CONNELLEY
"

Author of "Ingalls Memorial Volume," "The Heckewelder Narrative,"
"John Brown," "Wyandot Folk-Lore," "Doniphan's
Expedition," etc., etc.



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TO WILLIAM
AMERICAN

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PREFACE

A bolt of lightning is described as of small amperage (scarcely any dimensions), but of terrific voltage (force, power).

Intellectually the late Senator John James Ingalls was a dynamo of limited amperage and unlimited voltage.

He could not become a consuming fire, but he could sometimes annihilate the object of his wrath with a flash of his genius.

WILLIAM ELSEY CONNELLEY.

TOPEKA, KANSAS,
August 30, 1909.

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DIGEST

In my former volume on the late Senator Ingalls I attempted little beyond the collection and preservation of material. In character-analysis such a work must of necessity be unsatisfactory. My object is to supply that deficiency. Here I present brief studies of Senator Ingalls—

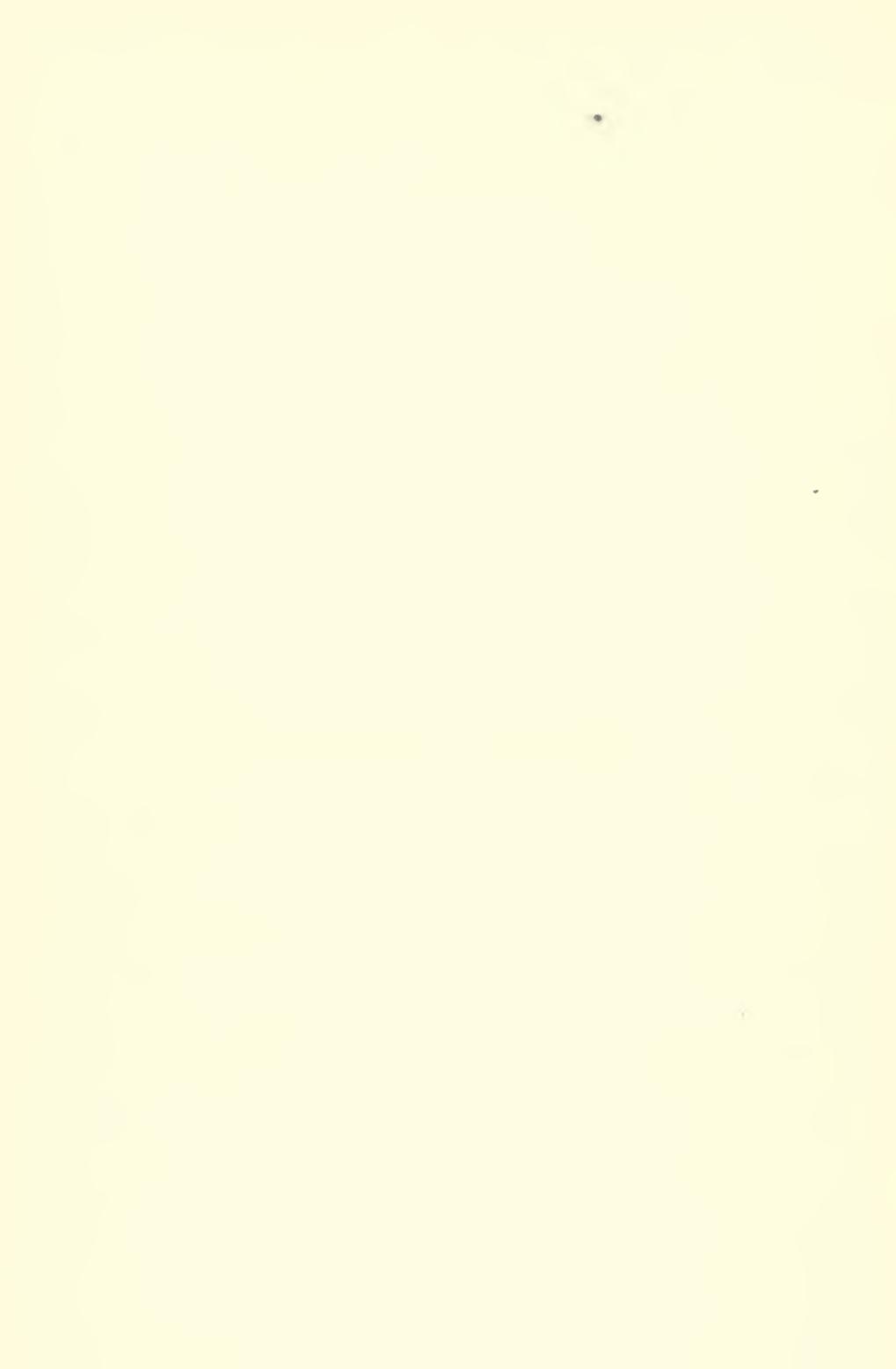
In his Home life—

In his attitude towards Religion—

In his achievements in Literature, Oratory,
Politics.

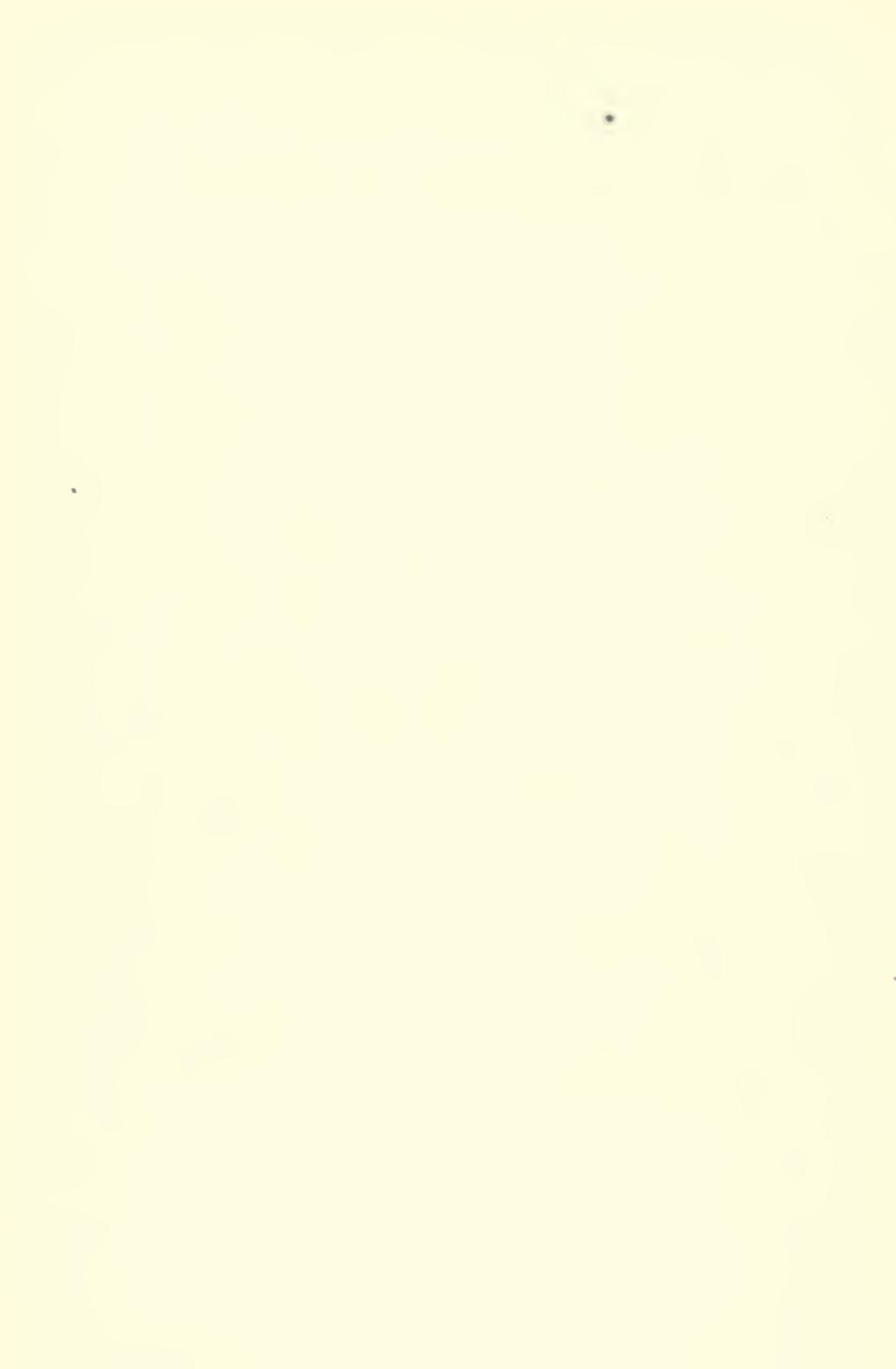
They make up the sum of what he did in this life. Knowledge of him in these relations will reveal traits sufficient for the basis of an estimate of his powers and his character.*

*The articles from which quotations are made are to be found entire in my first volume—published by the Franklin Hudson Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo.



SYNTAXIS

- I. Kansas and the Coming of Ingalls.
- II. Home Life—
 - a. Mrs. Ingalls.
- III. Home Life—
 - a. His Children.
- IV. Religion.
- V. Literature.
- VI. Politics.
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KANSAS AND THE COMING OF INGALLS

Those who were so many years acquainted with the late Senator Ingalls supposed they knew him. They met him to discuss political situations, saw him before throngs and audiences, were charmed with his perfect rhetoric and matchless sentences, met him on trains and at hotels, wrote him letters and received replies, but not a single one of them knew him. They walked to and fro with him, and, wandering up and down in the earth, turned night into busy day that he might not be cast from his brilliant course. And they wept with him when he fell never to rise again. Even then they did not know him.

It was the good fortune of many to sit in car or lobby under the spell of his inimitable monodrama until, pointing to the east, he said,

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops".

Yet they knew him not.

Senator Ingalls came early to Kansas. Topeka was then a frontier village of cottonwood cabins

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lost in prairie grass and hazel brush. There was not a mile of railroad between Missouri and the Pacific Ocean, and long after his rise to eminence the buffalo stalled trains on the old Kansas Pacific. The domain of the wild denizens of the Plains extended from the Wakarusa into those endless wastes beyond the head waters of the Republican and the Smoky Hill. The commerce of the prairies still rolled over the Old Santa Fe Trail in those ships of the desert fashioned after the design of the famous Conestoga. He saw the wilds subdued,—the solitude, filled with homes and cities, the seat of an intelligent constituency that met him with enthusiastic acclaim in the zenith of his course, with not a citizen of them all who knew him.

Some knew him better than others, of course, and some of his friends of longest standing believed they knew him through and through. All was not given, however, to the most devoted. There were chambers of soul to which none were admitted. But this was not by design. It might be said that he was unconscious of it—that he sometimes wondered why he was misunderstood.

The cause was mainly temperamental—con-

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ventional only by incident. To some he gave more than to others. To all he gave as much as in him lay. To one some depth of soul became visible. To another some flash of genius revealed a different attribute.

Calvinism found a congenial soil in New England. Its harsh and intolerant aspects were intensified by the stern and bleak features of that rock-bound land. The nature of every man is deep-rooted in the soil of his nativity. The background of the life of Senator Ingalls was the granite hills of New England perceived through Puritanism of the severest sort. The mild climate, the generous soil, the broad expanse, the immense rivers, and the gorgeous autumns of the Great Plains softened the austerity and set afame the imagination of this scion of the Puritans.

Kansas attracted Ingalls. The very word engrossed the Nation's attention. It became the talisman of the champions of human liberty and that noble band of Americans who determined to build a state where slavery should never set foot. It poised as a nemesis above those who sought to rivet perpetual shackles on a portion of mankind. What manner of land can it be?

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A noble expanse of endless undulations rising and falling like the mighty swells of the rolling ocean. Here, the far-off rim of the world where the purple mist, like an amethyst crown, presses gently down upon the brow of the lovely landscape. There, where the sun falls like a golden globe,

“From out the rich autumnal west
There creeps a misty, pearly rest,
As through an atmosphere of dreams,
A rich September sunset streams;
Thy purple sheen,
Through prairies green
From out the burning west is seen”.

Valleys adown which wind the silvery streams, marked by the dark-green foliage of trees, lying like broad ribbons flung carelessly athwart a tinted carpet aflame with wild flowers. Herds of lowing cattle on a thousand hills. Troops of horses for the armies of all the nations of the earth. Fields of alfalfa dew-gemmed and glittering in the morning sun. Golden harvests so ample that a world may have bread. Walls of corn — unending walls of corn. Cities where commerce moves with busy feet, and iron ways along which pour the products of a prosperous

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and happy people. The gentle rise of rolling hills where come the generations of children to school. And overhead and above all, away up and up, the broad reaches of iridescent skies. There come, too, the lazy days when

“The cottonwoods that fringe
The streamlets take the tinge;
Through opal haze the sumach bush is burning;
The lazy zephyrs lisp,
Through cornfields dry and crisp,
Their fond regrets for days no more returning”.

THAT is Kansas.

Roving bands of Indians. Wigwam villages where women screamed to the chorus of wolfish dogs. Herds of buffalo that surged up to the Rocky Mountains like the waves of the restless sea. Prairie-dog towns marking the lonely eminence. Clouds of sand-hill cranes drifting grotesquely overhead. The prairie chicken rising nervously with whirring wings from the brown grass. The sluggish fish in the soil-stained streams. The earth and all that live thereon where the winds were fierce and the heavens brass. Brown tangled grasses of never-tilled lands. Shallow streams wandering aimlessly until they frayed out and disappeared in thirsty sands.

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Gnarled shrubs twisted awry by never-ceasing winds. Ranks of swaying cottonwoods with bending willows at their feet. Sunrise and sunset, but no seed-time and never a harvest. Burning siroccos, consuming drouth, biting blizzard decade after decade, age after age, and no change.

That was Kansas.

There beyond the Mississippi it lay, its western confines indefinitely set by the imperceptible rise which reaches up to the snowy ranges of rock-ribbed mountains. The vast basins of great tributaries of the Missouri lay to the north; and the branches of the lower Mississippi stretched away to the south. Inaccessible from the west and beyond reach of the east, it was set aside for the use of the Indian by those who awaited a time opportune for the effort to plant there the institution of slavery. And thus it spread its fertile and primitive limits outside the pale of civilization while history was recording pages of events.

It had no large rivers, no high mountains, no lakes, no dense forests, no fertile meadows, apparently no natural wealth. Kansas was a wild desert where General Pike believed future gen-

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erations might perhaps raise goats. But it was a desert with the possibilities of redemption.

Then

“Came the restless Coronado
To the open Kansas plain,
With his Knights from sunny Spain”.

And like the other Spaniards of his day, he could

“Die for glory or for gold—
But not make a desert quicken”.

The Spaniard could plant a flag but not an empire in North America. And so he passed.

Then came the volatile and ever restless Frenchman. To find the West he traversed Canada. Far and wide journeyed the stern old Jesuits. They explored the dark and gloomy forest and followed tiny streams until they became “the mother of floods, the father of waters”. Wandering through the melancholy woods in which were the villages of the Hurons, they crossed the mighty rivers to the land of the Dakotahs and the Osages. But they never took root in Kansas. And, so, they passed.

The Mississippi remained the western boundary of our country until

“The blue-eyed Saxon race
Came and bade the desert waken”.

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But before this hour of destiny struck the nineteenth century was in swaddling clothes. From a compact habitat along the Atlantic these Saxons had battled with the Frenchman on the north, the Spaniard on the south, and with savages up to and beyond the Alleghenies. They had rebelled against the mother-country and won for themselves and their children liberty and self-control. One of the historic business-ventures of this enterprising people was the purchase of Louisiana. Along with many other things came Kansas. After preliminary processes it was defined—had bounds set for it. Then the two ideas of our national progress came with followers to contend for supremacy, which, once attained in Kansas, was to carry with it mastery of the Nation. With those who came to build the temple of liberty came Ingalls.

Those who break the wilderness are always the stalwart and the brave—the courageous—men with faith, foresight, fortitude. The men and women who came to settle and redeem Kansas were themselves descendants of pioneers—"Strong builders of empire".

On the 4th day of October, 1858, John J. Ingalls

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arrived at Sumner on the steamboat "Duncan S. Carter". He came, it seems, in search of this city, which had been "depicted in a chromatic triumph of lithographed mendacity", and at the instance of "the loquacious embellishments of a lively adventurer who has been laying out town-sites and staking off corner lots for some years past in tophet".

Sumner was the Free-State rival of pro-slavery Atchison. Albert D. Richardson, later the author of *Beyond the Mississippi*, was a resident of the town when Ingalls arrived. The town was a few miles below the pro-slavery metropolis, and it extended to and beyond a bluff so steep and high that the main street was said to be "vertical".

This town was founded by John P. Wheeler, a surveyor described as "a red-headed, blue-eyed, consumptive, slim, freckled enthusiast from Massachusetts". He also founded the town of Hiawatha. He named his river town not for Charles Sumner, as one would be likely to believe, but for George Sumner (brother), who was one of the proprietors of the place. Wheeler was an abolitionist, and his town was conceived in the

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same spirit that gave the Territory old Quindaro.

When the Civil War began the pro-slavery people generally left Kansas or changed political faith. Atchison had the better location, and the people of Sumner gradually went there to live. In June, 1860, a tornado blew down most of the houses left in Sumner, and from this catastrophe its extinction is dated. Jonathan G. Lang (the original of "Shang" in "Catfish Aristocracy") continued to live there on a tract of land which belonged to Ingalls, and was, in jest, called "the mayor of Sumner". Ingalls followed the other inhabitants of the defunct city of "Great Expectations" to Atchison.

HOME LIFE

MRS. INGALLS



HOME LIFE

MRS. INGALLS

I.

Of domestic felicity an undue portion fell to Ingalls. In combat with men and the struggle to maintain himself in the world he was bold, diffident, imperious. In his home he was not so, although there his bearing was that of dignity.

His ideal of home was a place of "sweet delights" whence man "goes forth, invigorated for the struggle of life". Man can not make a home. He can contribute something towards it. With due deference to modern movements to bring women into public life — into political life — it must be said that a wise providence fixed bounds and limitations beyond which she can not properly go. And this was the judgment of Ingalls. The platform, the forum, the fierce competition of market and mart, the rough grapple at the polls — these are for men.

Only woman can make a home. That is her domain. There she is supreme. There is the

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place of "sweet delights" where man renews his strength, conceives his ideals, resolves upon patriotism, gains aggressive vigor for the battles of life. All social and political progress must emanate from the good home. Such can woman (not every woman) create and maintain.

Ingalls assumed the bonds of matrimony with deliberation. He was nearly thirty-two. The effervescent enthusiasm of youth and immature manhood had burned itself away. The day wherein he might have flung himself at the feet of a giggling damsel in imploring posture had happily passed, and his proposal of marriage was by formal, self-respecting, but sincere and candid written instrument. The recipient of this remarkable hymeneal overture was Miss Anna Louisa Chesebrough, like himself, a resident of Atchison, and of New England ancestry. She was immediately descended from a line of New York merchants and importers. The wedding was 27 September, 1865.

II.

To understand the home-life of Ingalls something must be known of the temperamental ten-

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dencies of himself and wife. She was stirring, aggressive, persistent, ambitious. She was sanguine, mentally strong, slow to abandon a purpose, tactful, diplomatic. He was conscious of his ability, but was the most indolent of men. He was well-nigh devoid of ambition, the little he had aspiring to nothing beyond a sufficient maintenance,—the object of all his early political activity in Kansas. He was impractical, but not visionary, and all his early efforts, successful or not, were followed by periods of inactivity, torpor, apathy. While the lessee of a newspaper in Atchison one of his diversions was the study of the specimen-books issued by type-foundries. These he would pore over by the hour, seemingly wholly engrossed with their jingling paragraphs.

It was the ambition of Mrs. Ingalls that her husband should become noted as an orator. To this one purpose she bent every circumstance. By the Republican convention at Lawrence soon after his marriage, Ingalls was offered a nomination for Representative in Congress. He refused the place at the instance of his wife. She did not believe the House held adequate opportunity for the development of his latent powers. When to

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others there appeared little possibility that he could ever attain the place in a state having the fierce and warring factions existing in Kansas, Mrs. Ingalls set her heart on the Senatorship for her husband and refused to consider anything else. That he attained that exalted place was due to her judgment and discretion, by which he was ever guided and controlled. He reposed perfect faith in her ability and rarely acted outside of her direction. She did not so much care for the reputation he might make as a statesman, which accounts for the absence of great effort in that direction. Her ideal was that he become the foremost orator of the Nation.

III.

So much has been said in order to show the complete acquiescence of Ingalls to the ascendancy voluntarily accorded his wife. For, as his career was political, subserviency there carried to all inferior matters. It had nothing of the nature of the compelling mastery of a superior mind, but was founded in unlimited confidence, complete devotion to his wife. She contributed nothing to his intellect. The funeral of Senator

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Sumner moved him to a sense of his loneliness in her absence, and he wrote:

How full of mournful tragedies, of incompleteness, of fragmentary ambitions and successes this existence is! And yet how sweet and dear it is made by love. That alone never fails to satisfy and fill the soul. Wealth satiates, and ambition ceases to allure: we weary of eating and drinking, of going up and down the earth, of looking at its mountains and seas, at the sky that arches it, of the moon and stars that shine upon it, but never of the soul that we love and that loves us, of the face that watches for us and grows brighter when we come. . . . You seem so precious and delightful to me, that I can hardly restrain my impatience to be with you and feel at rest.

In sending her some violets from the mass of flowers sent to the Senate Chamber for the services in honor of Senator Sumner held there, he wrote:

I woke at half past two this morning after bad dreams, feverish and restless, and longing for you and for Baby Constance, who has grown so tenderly in my heart. Much of our united lives came back to me, incidents forgotten, songs you sung to Ruth in winter midnights in the little back room up-stairs so long ago; looks, caresses; painful, sad regrets for the injuries inflicted upon

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your love by my indifference and coldness and unkindness; wonder that your love had not ebbed away from me and left me stranded in misery forever; hopes that we might not either be left long upon this desolate earth to mourn the other's loss. Oh, my darling! my heart cries out for you and will not be comforted. You must never forsake me, here or hereafter. If you go before me to the undiscovered country, guard me, and wait for me. If I precede you, search for me till you find me, with entreaties and importunities that will permit no denial, but will rescue me, though ages intervene, from the profoundest abyss.

Ingalls wrote his wife full descriptions of his journeys, detailing the most minute and unimportant incidents. It gave him pleasure to be intrusted with shopping commissions, his discriminating taste enabling him to execute them to her satisfaction. An example of these traits is shown in the following letter:

Gov. Harvey met me at the depot, wanting to see me on some matters of business, and ostensibly bound to visit some friends in "Trenton, Mo.", but on my suggestion that he had better go to Washington, he said he would deliberate till we reached Kansas City, where he informed me he had concluded to go. I have no doubt he

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intended to go all the time, and that he started out with that purpose, but thought he would conceal it from me and make it appear like an extemporaneous hasty movement made on my suggestion. I did not attempt to undeceive him. Nothing keeps a man so well satisfied with himself as the belief that all his little games succeed without being detected by anyone. He went down on the "North Missouri", while we continued on the Missouri Pacific, reaching St. Louis without adventure Thursday morning. Tough was with me, and after breakfast at the "Planters" we crossed the river in the early sunrise and were soon rolling over the prairies of Illinois at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. The day was cold and cloudy with occasional showers. The season is fully as backward through the whole country as in Kansas. Many fields were unploughed, and in others the grain was yellow, sparse and starved, as though it had passed a troublesome winter. The trees had hardly budded, and the forest looked as gloomy and black as in January. Thursday night at nine we were in Cincinnati. The train did not move till 11:10, and we walked up to the new "Grand Hotel", and looked through its marble corridors. A sudden shower drove me to the depot, and as soon as the sleeper was on the track, I went to bed and slept well till we reached Parkersburg the

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next morning. The breakfast there was abundant, but cold, nothing being eatable but the stewed oysters, of which I ate two dishes. The morning was cold and raw, and the porter gave me some pillows and a red blanket under which I slept till we reached Grafton, where we changed into a "parlor car" with revolving arm-chairs and plate-glass windows which afforded us a fine view of the romantic scenery through which we ascended and descended till night dropped her curtain upon the landscape at Harper's Ferry.

Mrs. Fairchild of Leavenworth was on the train, to meet her husband at Philadelphia, and through her I made acquaintance with quite a party of ladies and gentlemen whose peculiarities were more or less entertaining. Notable among them was a lady from Derby, Connecticut, whose affections, airs and gestures, were as good as a play. She evidently desired to produce upon me the impression that she was learned in all arts and familiar with the great of all lands. Every lady of her acquaintance was superb, and every gentleman was elegant and courteous beyond description. She took a seat back of me while I was reading and made several attempts to open conversation by casual remarks about the scenery, to which I responded in monosyllables, but at last, having finished the "Popular Science Monthly" and got enough of Tennyson, I submitted to

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the inevitable by a series of questions that enabled her to tell me what she was burning to disclose in regard to her wealth, associations, grand acquaintances, &c., to each revelation of which I accorded an undisguised tribute of respect. As we neared our journey's end I told her how much gratified I was by the fortunate accident of our acquaintance, how much I had profited by her ideas and what an honor I esteemed it to know her, whereupon she brought her husband round and introduced him, and he gave me a cordial invitation to visit Derby where his horses and carriages were at my disposal and his house should be my inn. I don't think I shall visit Derby this month.

We rode to Willard's in a street car, and I told the clerk if he could give me a well-lighted, sunny, commodious apartment for a few days I would stay with him, but otherwise I would go elsewhere. He looked at the register, rattled round the key-rack, consulted three or four volumes and pulled his mustache as though it was a fearful problem to solve, and finally gave me a private parlor, and bed-room with bath, on the east front, second floor. There are probably fifty guests at the house, with accommodations for five hundred, so you see how necessary it was to be deliberate and profound in his cogitations. I admire hotel clerks. If I had time, I would write

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an essay on the subject, but the Indian problem, the Louisiana questions, and the coming Presidential campaign require attention first.

Yesterday (Saturday) was pleasant and vernal. The city does not yet wear its summer garb. Spring is backward. The leaves are about half out. The grounds have not yet been cleaned much, and the general aspect is wintry. I was at the Departments all day; fixed up some post-office matters: got several land-sales postponed: had several appointments made O. K. There is a great row about the Indian contract for supplies this year, and some Kansas men think they have been badly treated, and I must help them if possible. The Commissioner is going to New York to see whether it can be arranged and I shall wait till his return. I hope to leave Monday or Wednesday but may be detained later. I have not yet seen the Att'y Gen'l in relation to Tough's case, but shall do so to-morrow. Harvey is here at the Ebbitt House. I met Gen. Boughton at the "Holly Free Lunch" yesterday where I was regaling myself with a bowl of oatmeal and milk, and he invited me to dine with them at four this P. M., which I agreed to do. Shad are plentiful, and so is asparagus, but in other respects the markets and tables are like winter. Breakfast begins with oranges *au naturel*. Last night I went to the theater and was sorry I forgot to borrow your

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opera glass, as the “peerless M’lle. Morlacchi” danced very much like the oranges above named, in the spectacular drama of the “French Spy”.

I will not forget your hat and the dresses nor the pap spoon. You are the dearest of wives, the best of mothers, as well as one of the noblest of your sex, and I only regret that I cannot do more for you, and be more to you than I am. You have the entire admiration, confidence and esteem, and the undivided love of your

Unworthy but affectionate Husband.

IV.

Ingalls saw everything. Little that he saw escaped record in his letters to his wife and children. The old Episcopal church-building at Alexandria has had many visitors. Few of them ever wrote a better description of it than Ingalls sent his wife:

Mr. Blackford and I have to-day been to Alexandria to the old church formerly attended by Gen. Washington. We took the F Street cars to the ferry at the foot of Ninth, and started at ten. A brisk wind was blowing from the north, but the day was otherwise pleasant. The little voyage of six miles was accomplished in about half an hour, and we were moored at the crazy old

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dock of what was once an important commercial metropolis. It is now a queer old decayed, dilapidated town with narrow, steep and ungraded streets that are a mixture of irregular cobblestones and the nastiest kind of black mud. All the sewage of the city is discharged over the sidewalks into the gutters, and the pedestrian is continually stepping over picturesque little rivulets of dishwater, soapsuds, and viler fluids, mixed with potato parings, coffee grounds and cabbage leaves that trickle over the uneven brick of the pavement and twinkle fragrantly in pools and puddles in the sun of the Grand old Commonwealth whose proud boast is that it is the mother of states and statesmen. Gen. Stringfellow once told me he had some relatives there, but I had forgotten their names, or I would have called upon them.

The church is almost half a mile from the river and fronts west. It is built of rough red brick that were brought from England, and ought to be immediately taken back to the kiln they came from. It is about sixty feet long by forty wide, with a hipped roof, and a double tier of small-paned, heavy-sashed windows that are enough to give permanent obliquity of vision to any man who looks through them. The bell-tower is low, inartistic and quaint, with a round top. On one side is a wooden projection covering

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the entrance to the church and the galleries. It stands in a small plat of ground, perhaps half an acre, planted with scraggly old trees that cast their weird shadows upon the ancient graves that have sunk to a level with the rich grass that covers them. It seemed strange to think that those forgotten sepulchres had once been newly opened, with the fresh earth heaped by their side, and that weeping, heart-broken mourners had seen their friends lowered into their silent depths, and that now the loving and the loved, the mourners and the lost, were wrapped in a common oblivion.

On the north side of the church is a glorious growth of ivy almost like a tree, densely matted to the brick-work, and covering the roof and wall with its sturdy, defiant and luxurious verdure. I send you a leaf that I plucked close by the window that looks in upon Washington's pew.

Upon entering, a very pleasant lady asked if we were looking for seats, and showed us to a side pew to the right of the rector, where we had a fine view of the congregation. It is a plain room, with galleries on three sides, with a row of wooden pillars beneath, which, with the rest of the wood-work, are grained. The pews are high and have solid doors with buttons. The walls are whitewashed, and the cushions are mostly red, faded and shabby. The chancel is

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raised two feet and projects into the room like a platform. It has a wooden fence around it, and the furniture, desks and chairs are modern walnut. The choir consisted mostly of boys who were gathered round the organ that stands in the gallery fronting the preacher. The singing was glorious. The audience was a cheap-looking collection of low-browed, poorly dressed commoners with some notable exceptions. Many of the girls were of the Virginia Herndon type, with scallops and "spit curls" plastered along their brows and temples, in regular waves that are supposed to be so bewitching. The rector is young, dark, smooth-shaven, high-toned, with a dirty surplice. He read and preached from Isaiah—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, — but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

Nearly opposite me was a lady who looked so strikingly like you that my heart almost stopped as I looked at her, and thought that perhaps you had unexpectedly come on and followed me in my wanderings. She was about your height and stature and complexion, though she wore a dotted veil which makes all women look more or less alike. She had the same low broad forehead, the same dark intense look from the eyes, and that indescribable something that we call "resemblance", and more striking than all

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she carried her head one side higher than the other, as you always do when sitting still. I forgot to look for her when the services closed, so that I do not know whether it was a fancy evoked by distance, or not.

The seat that Washington used to occupy was pointed out to me, and the ghost of the old warrior seemed to fill the room with its great presence, as I pictured him moving down the aisle in the costume of a century ago, with fat old Martha, his wife, and a dozen relatives and dependents, besides those who waited with the chariot outside.

I do not know when I have enjoyed a day so much. The service really seemed good and pleasant, and I would like to join a church if it were always so satisfactory as to-day. Blackford is very quiet and unobtrusive, but at the same time affords that feeling of society which is always a relief in a strange crowd. I do not like to be wholly alone, and yet I do not like to be disturbed. I never like to travel now without an attendant of some kind, knowing the dangers which beset public men. While waiting for the boat which runs every hour, we ate an oyster-stew, and reached the Washington dock at three.

I wonder what makes me love you so much. Why is it that out of all the millions of women in the world I turn irresistibly to you? How

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have you established such a tyranny over me? Why am I such a slave? Others smile upon me, but I heed them not. My sighs constantly ascend for you. When I look at the window whence I used to see you watching for my coming, my heart swells with grief and your name bursts from my lips as if I were a child. There is a feeling of dependence upon you, as if you could protect and defend me from all the evil in the world, and as if you could save me from the dangers of the great hereafter. Your love is so strong, so pure, so faithful, that it gives me a sense of infinite tranquillity and infinite peace and rest.

I think much of the children, but they seem to be only incidents of our love, not a part of me. They separate us for awhile — they educate and develop parts of our nature that would sleep otherwise — and then like sweet Ruth they take wings and fly away, or they grow up and have children of their own, and forget us, and we know them no more save as memories. So you and I have become less and less to our parents, and as our children leave us, we shall become more and more I hope to each other, till our union shall be complete and eternal. I can imagine no destiny so delightful as unobstructed companionship with your noble nature, with the love of your tender and passionate soul.

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So it was always. He ever turned to his wife.
His home was the

“Golden milestone:
Was the central point from which he measured every dis-
tance
Through the gateways of the world around him”.

V.

Mrs. Ingalls heard, by letter when not in Washington, of the doings and habits of his colleagues in the Senate, as witness:

The Colorado millionaire, Tabor, took his seat last week. A fouler beast was never depicted. He is of the Harvey type, but indescribably lower and coarser. Such a vulgar ruffianly boor you never beheld: uncouth, awkward, shambling, dirty hands and big feet turned inward: a huge solitaire diamond on a sooty, bony blacksmith finger: piratical features, unkempt, frowsy and unclean: blotched with disease—he looks the brute he is. He was stared at with curious but undisguised abhorrence.

D — C — is going to the bad at a hand-gallop. He has been drunk for the last ten days, and is now threatened with delirium tremens. His poor wife is in despair. It seems as if the devil had broken loose lately. V — has taken to drink again after a year's abstinence and has

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been kept in durance by his friends. Beck, Voorhees, Morgan and half a dozen more are either inflamed or besotted with whiskey half the time. I am not sure that prohibition is not salutary. It is singular that I am not led into this temptation myself. My grandfather Ingalls fell a victim to the appetite in his later days, and I have often wondered how I escaped. Sometimes I feel an unappeasable craving for champagne or ale, but a glass satisfies me.

Whether despondent or in ecstacy, he turned always and ever to his wife:

This is an enchanting morning. The air is dazzling, and filled with the floating down of some tree or flower, which is thicker than snowflakes. It moves through the silver flood of sunshine with an indescribably lazy, graceful, undulating, hither-and-thither motion, which fills the soul with languor and stirs an impulse to wander without end or aim.

I just telegraphed you that I could not leave till the last of the week. I enclose you two telegrams rec'd yesterday to show you how I am beset. I hoped to be able to leave to-night, but it will not be feasible.—Last night, as I wrote you, Gov. H. and I went to see "Ronsby". She is too tall for my idea of beauty, and too slender, and her nose is too narrow, and she shows her

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white teeth too artificially, but she is unquestionably very lovely, and with that statement the whole has been told. She is not an actress, but has good clothes. One green velvet dress with gold bands down the front was very effective.

I rose this morning at seven-thirty, lay ten minutes in a warm bath, ate half a shad for breakfast, and shall proceed in a few moments to the Departments.

My best wishes and my tenderest love go toward you through the splendor of this summer morning which shines upon the world like your affection upon the life of your

Faithful Husband.

VI.

Called once to Washington and detained beyond the time he intended to remain, though but a few days, he became petulant and impatient, ending a letter to Mrs. Ingalls as follows:

I hope soon to hear from you here. It is but little more than a week since I left home, but it seems a month. I miss you more and more. It is such a consolation to know that you are near me, in the room, in the house, by my side in sleep, and always loving me, always ready to help in time of need. I kiss you good night.

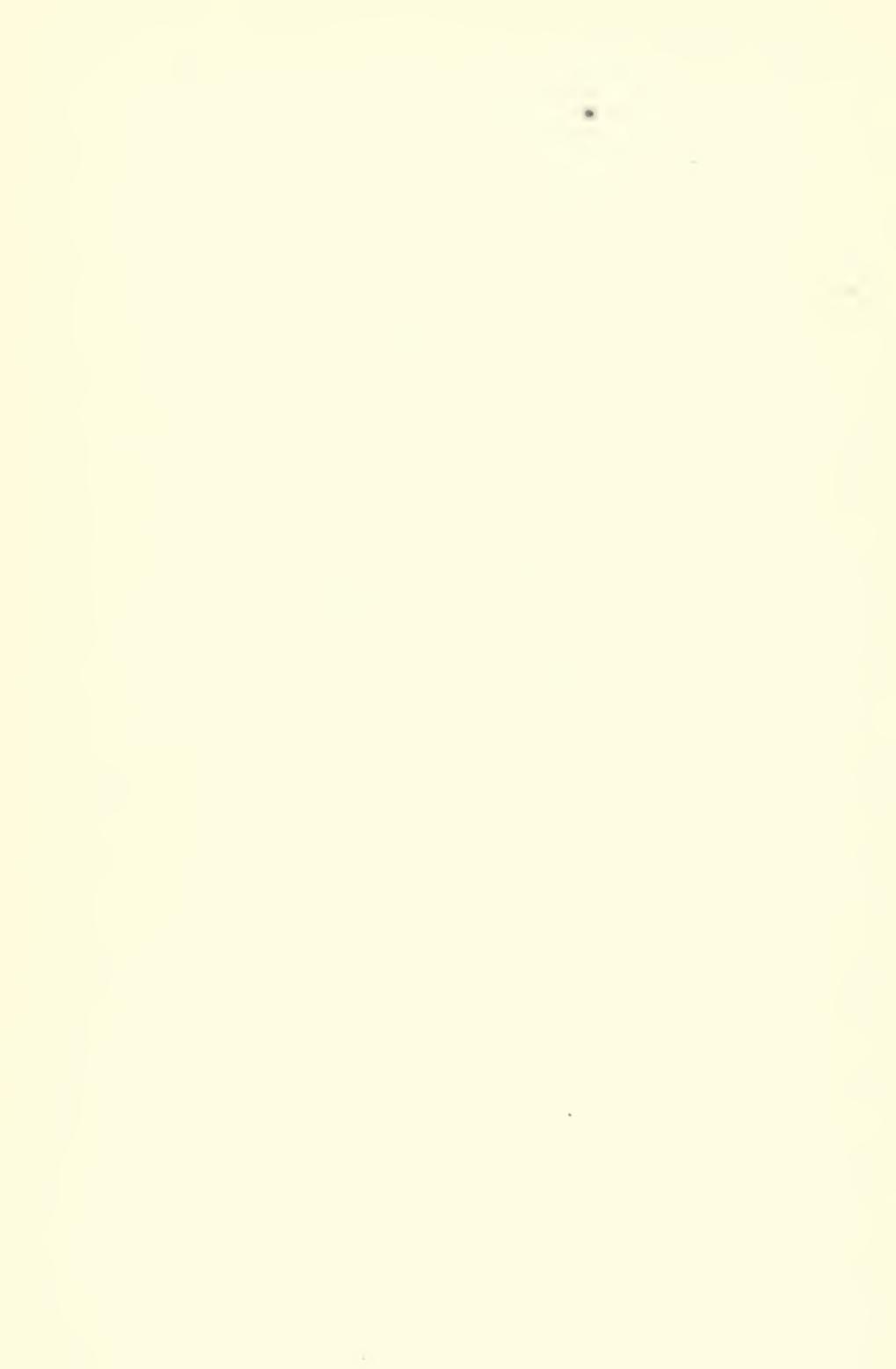
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Such fetters as he was bound with are never broken. They become the mainspring of life's actions, the foundation of devotion and reverence.

VII.

Ingalls owned a tract of land below Atchison. Much of it overlooks the Valley of the Missouri. Growing on it were groves of fine forest trees. It was his wish to erect there a residence in which to live. He despised "the foolish wrangle of the market and forum". It was his inclination to live apart from the world, an esthetic dreamer. The gratification of this whimsical desire the good sense of Mrs. Ingalls prevented. Had it not been for the practical and stirring qualities of his wife, Ingalls would have died an obscure country lawyer or editor, a real-estate agent, a petty and unsuccessful tradesman, or an employe in some department of government — and more than likely without a dollar.

HOME LIFE
HIS CHILDREN



HOME LIFE HIS CHILDREN

I.

To Ingalls and his wife were born eleven children. They were a source of unending pleasure. He was very proud of them. Once he caught sight of one newly escaped from the nursery, all washed, combed, and primped: he seized it and carried it before his guest, Albert D. Richardson, and exhibited it with fond pride. The children were an inspiration, and he wrote his *Kansas Magazine* articles with them about his knees, with, sometimes, one sitting on his table. He referred to this feature of that work in his note to Mrs. Ingalls written on a proof-sheet of "Blue Grass" which by accident came into his hands in Arizona:

Dearest Wife: "Blue Grass" seems to be one of those compositions that the world will not willingly let die.

Those were happy days when it was written, in the little cottage on the bluff looking out over the great river, with a room full of babies: ob-

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scure and unknown, waiting for the destiny, so soon to come—(that was to make me one of the conspicuous figures of the country for so many years). How far away it seems!

Ingalls had great solicitude for the health of these little ones, and believing prunes conducive thereto, insisted on having a supply constantly at his disposal: meritorious actions were rewarded with prunes. He obtained much satisfaction and great amusement in constituting himself a judge to hear and determine the grievances the children might find against one another in their daily intercourse.

II.

Ingalls had much comfort from his correspondence with his children, especially his daughters. He was paradoxical and eccentric. Men never could understand him. But women could readily comprehend his whims and his fancies. Perhaps this is another instance of a strong masculine character with feminine traits and tendencies of thought.

In a letter to Constance, away at school, he described an entertainment for young people then

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in progress at home. "There is much wise, improving conversation accompanied by convulsive giggling and shallow shrieks of laughter", he says; and he ends with a rhyming warning against sweetmeats:

Beware of the sweet-press,
For demons untold,
In its secret recess,
Their revelries hold!
Dyspepsia, sick-headache,
And black molars are there,
Whose pangs goad their victims
To unending despair!

Beware of the sweet-press,—
Cake, jelly, and jam,
Ice cream and fried oysters,
Pie, candy and ham
Rob the eye of its brightness,
The cheek of its bloom,
Make the liver inactive
And the stomach a tomb!

In the appreciative and delicately attuned mind all the phenomena of nature find instant response. The adequate expression of the emotion thus generated is literature if written, music if sung, art if painted. To Constance, after a period of very cold weather, he wrote:

The cold wave seems to have passed off, though

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I don't like to say much about it, for we had a pleasant day some time ago, and talked considerably and chuckled over it, and that night the temperature sank below zero and stayed there for two weeks. It was a struggle for existence. We closed all the doors, shut off the hall, cut off the water, had fires in the grates, stuffed cotton in all the crevices, and lived like Esquimaux in their igloos.

But it really is lovely this morning. I went out for a stroll, after breakfast, on the stone walk, in the sun. Two fat brown birds hopped about in the branches of one of the shrubs, and Jim Crow [one of the family cats] kept me company, sometimes walking alongside, and then going before and rolling over a time or two to attract attention. When I pulled his tail and ears he growled ferociously and hissed like a snake, and then rolled over again.

As I stood by the gate looking down towards Mrs. Crowley's cabin — she and Tim are both ill with the grip, influenza, colds, rheumatism, antiquity, &c.— the pealing bells of St. Benedict broke out into a swelling tumult of exalting melody, vibrating and rising and falling, rolling north and south and east and west, down the valley and up to the shining zenith, and after an entrancing interval, died away and were still. It was quite incredible that some shock-headed Pad-

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dy, who probably carries a hod or drives a dray during the week, could, by pulling a rope a few moments, produce such an ecstasy of sound on Sunday, without any idea that I would write you a letter concerning it. . . .

The mind has much influence, and a cheerful spirit is better than medicine. Resolve to be well: don't brood upon dark thoughts: throw open the windows of your soul to the sun: take short views of life: get plenty of air, plain food and sleep, with moderate exercise. Write to me if there is anything you want. I should be your friend, even if you were not my child.

The expression of the emotions aroused by any odd occurrence, droll incident, or ridiculous circumstance is humor. It is one of the most agreeable, valuable and effective forms of literature. Ingalls was keenly sensitive to this literary quality, and his best writing is but an exemplification of it. There is much of it in his letters to his children. Early one March he wrote to Constance:

The wind is east, and has been in the same quarter most of the time for several weeks, with fogs, vapors, mists and dismal lamentations by night, as if we were by the sea instead of five hundred leagues inland. It has not been very

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cold, and under the drenching humidity the grass has grown green, and the lawn looks like April. I have never seen such verdure so early, but the constant cloudiness is depressing.

This morning at breakfast we had a cat fight. Dandy was the aggressor. He pretended to be at play with Mr. Crow, who was not in a humor for mirth, and seemed rather to resent familiarity. But Dandy kept at it, and finally they laid their ears flat on their heads, and spat on their hands and cuffed each other soundly, rolling and tumbling over each other on the floor, till at last Jim ignominiously retreated to the sitting-room in a very bad humor indeed for the first Sunday in Lent.

The Friday Afternoon Club met here on their day last week: a very pretty, well-dressed, and well-behaved lot of girls, who would be an ornament and a credit to any society. Their topic of discussion was Louis XIV or XV of France. What they said about him I don't know, but I have no doubt they made his royal ears burn, or would have, had they not been in a much hotter place.

A fine morning in spring and a view, from the bluffs about Atchison, of the Valley of the Missouri always threw Ingalls into rapture. In this condition he drank in the beauties of the land-

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scape, and in writing never failed to enumerate them. And if the grotesque appeared anywhere in the picture it was certain to be portrayed. See this April letter to Constance:

This is a day when it is a pleasure to be alive. The sky is intensely blue, and cloudless save for a few white woolly cumuli that lie piled idly along the northern horizon, above the green hills that divide the waters of White Clay and Independence creeks. A scarcely perceptible breath blows from the west. The grass glitters in the sun. Dimly visible beyond the great curves of the shining river, veiled in amethyst, are the bluffs of St. Joseph and the trailing plumes of smoke from its towers. The hyacinths, red, white and blue, dazzle the eye like flame on the eastern lawn, and crimson tulips in another bed, emulate their fragile glory. The cherry trees in the orchard are turning white with blossoms, and the apple trees are fairly green with their infant foliage. James Crow lies lazily on the veranda, and Limpy, the spotted cow, grazes near the cottage, pausing occasionally to contemplate the awkward antics of her new calf that prances on the sward with tail high in the air, and an aspect of surprise at the exhibition of its unwonted powers. Bed-clothes, mattresses and blankets protrude from the wide-open doors and windows of

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the cottage, and a smell also that is equally noticeable. The dull alternate thud of the carpet-pounders resounds from the sitting-room carpet, suspended from a line near-by, and clouds of dust float towards Reresby where the oaks and hickories seem almost conscious of approaching summer.

Yes: it is a nice day. It reminds me of the guide-board in Bill Nye's recent letter—"Go to Foley's grove and have a good time while you are alive, for you'll be a long time dead!"

And here is one written the following Thanksgiving:

It is a most entrancing morning. I have just come in from a stroll in the sunshine to and fro along the stone walk to the north gate. The sky is cloudless and the wind just strong enough to turn the mill slowly in the soft air. The smoke from the chimneys rises straight to the zenith and dissolves in the stainless blue. In the deep distant valley the river glimmers through a dim silver mist woven with shifting purple like the hues which gleam on the breast of a dove. Undulating along the horizon the bluffs rise like translucent crags of violet and indigo (blue, green, yellow, orange, red!) and from the city beneath, as from a gulf profound, columns of vapor and fumes from engines and factories,

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ascend accompanied by a confused and inarticulate murmur, like whispers of protest and pain. During the night it rained, and the grass of the lawn is green. It glitters and scintillates with the transitory gems of the frost. Here and there are disappearing ridges of snow from the storm of Monday, and in the hollows of the grove the bronze leaves of the oaks are piled high, to be dispersed by the next gale, like the ruined gold of a spendthrift, or the vanishing hopes of men.

We had a lovely breakfast at eight,—an “American hare”, with chops, fried potatoes, cakes, fruit, and — pie! — pumpkin pie, upon which I fed with my eyes only. James Crow sat in my chair, gravely gazing at the viands, and occasionally looking up at me with a mute mew, opening his mouth piteously without noise or sound. Three white hairs have appeared in his whiskers, one of which stands perpendicularly in the atmosphere above his right eye, giving him a rakish and mephistophelian aspect. If he exhibited a disposition to encroach on the table I rapped one of his ears, which he regarded apparently as an act of great contumely, and would have resented had he not been restrained by timidity, or hope.

Adieu, my dear child, and may the Lord have you in His holy keeping! Be good, docile, obedient, studious. Remember that we all love you

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and think of you hourly, with tender affection. I enclose you a little Christmas gift, prematurely, but you can retain it till the time comes, if you choose, or not, as you will.

A December letter shows appreciation of the wintry season.

The morning is still and gray with an overcast sky, presaging rain or snow. The few past days have been like a reminiscence or prophecy of spring, as if Nature were in a penitential mood, making reparation for past transgressions, or were furtively preparing for new depredations.

Yesterday after luncheon I rode to Hamerwood. It was like April save for the lingering patches of snow in places sheltered from the sun, and the mire of the roads. But Rolla picked his way by the side of muddy ruts, and we got along very well. In the woods it was lovely, so still, and fragrant with the damp and decaying leaves. The waters in the pool under the cliff by the cascade were bright and clear as glass, reflecting the network of twigs and branches like an etching, and a little solitary silent bird was the only tenant of the forest. I found the cows in a sheltered glade looking as sleek and comfortable and contented as need be, and apparently glad to see me, Ole especially. I took a chunk of rock-salt in my pocket for them, which she took in her mouth

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and vainly tried to chew. Her efforts were painful to behold, though she seemed to enjoy it, judging from the way her mouth watered, as the children say. The others gathered about her, waiting for their turn to attempt to masticate the delicacy, which she was rolling as a sweet morsel under her lips like a girl in a chewing-gum ecstasy. The sun was descending as I approached the city, gilding with transient luster the towers of Midland and the spires of St. Scholastico, and the windowed front of the Orphan's Home, dimly discernible through the mists against the northern sky.

The interval between Thanksgiving and Christmas to me is the pleasantest of the year. The days grow shorter and shorter and the earth more homelike and habitable; shut in from the mysteries of the sky, one can be lazy and useless without reproach. I know of nothing more indolently delightful than a brief day of drifting snow, with its late morning and early nightfall, and an interesting novel by the seclusion of a smouldering fire of logs on the library hearth. And there is nothing more dreary and desolate than the next morning, when the sun from a cloudless east shines cold and clear above a white and glittering waste.

The Honorable James Crow is in good health, though disgracefully corpulent. His obesity af-

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fects his voice, which is wheezy like an accordeon with a hole in it.

Ingalls could not escape the consequences of vagrant, worthless, shiftless neighbors, as witness this:

The only thing commendable about the season so far is that it is splendid for the grass which thrives luxuriantly in the cool humidity. It is so much richer inside our gates that all the vagrant horses and cows on the common sneak in when we are not looking, and then rush tumultuously out when they are shouted at, knowing very well that they are trespassers. There is one old, blind and crippled quadruped with a long rope attached to a block of wood who seems particularly fiendish in his invasions. I was nearly choked with rage just after breakfast by finding him in again on my finest sward. I thought I should have an apoplexy, and shouted to Ben to capture him, and then call the City Marshal to take the beast to the pound. Just then a barefooted, bareheaded girl in a flapping pink calico garment came running over the hill, and upon inquiry informed me the animal was "ours", and drove him away. I think some of having the place fortified with a line of earth-works all round, with bastions at the corners, and a drawbridge and porteullis. Then with four pieces of

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artillery, and a regiment of infantry armed with magazine rifles, we can protect ourselves against the incursions of our neighbors.

Last week when the weather was fair I spent a day burning the leaves and brush in the groves and hollows in every direction about Oakridge. The wind had brought in all the newspapers and rags and debris of this part of the country and lodged them against the trees and fences and shrubs and in the ravines. The smoke of my conflagration filled the whole valley of the Missouri, and must have been visible as far as St. Joseph and Leavenworth. It looked very black afterwards, but the new grass is growing, and it is like a great park in every direction. The nodding flowers of the dog-tooth violet deck the warm slopes with their transitory beauty, and the dandelions are preparing to star the verdure with their vanishing gold.

This raking and burning on the first day possible in the spring was a habit with Ingalls. The day was regarded with something akin to terror by the household, particularly the cook. She always declared he would set the house on fire and never failed to provide pails of water for that emergency. But he was so much in earnest and raked so vigorously and issued orders and gave

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commands so grandly and took the whole matter so seriously, that there was enjoyment in watching him.

He never failed to describe in his letters the country through which he passed nor the objects of interest coming under his observation. He wrote Constance of his visit to Springfield, Mo., noting the principal features of that fine town:

I returned last night from Springfield, Mo., where I spoke Monday night. Your Uncle Francis, you remember, is President of a college there. The town lies rather incoherently scattered along the ridge of a stony hill, one of the spurs of the Ozark Mountains, sloping towards abrupt and picturesque valleys, shaded with forests of stunted oaks, and bright with the purple of violets and the gold of dandelions and other nameless blooms. Tuesday afternoon we drove to the Mysterious Spring from which the city is supplied with water. Descending a rugged declivity, we emerged upon a little verdant plain, confronted on the north by a ledge of gray rock rising perhaps fifty or sixty feet and wrinkled by frost and rain and snow and heat like the bony forehead of an aged hermit. It was overhung by the branches and vines of a forest just touched with the verdure of April, and in the crevices of

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the cliff nodded precarious flowers in the soft sunlight. At the foot of this crag opens an arch with regular curve perhaps twelve feet wide and six feet high, the mouth of a cavern receding into the rock, from which, like the fountain at Horeb, emerges a strong bright clear stream of water so copious and constant that it is more like a subterranean river than a spring, and furnishes twenty thousand people with an abundant supply for their kettles and coffee pots. By enclosing a space in front of the arch with a wall of masonry a reservoir has been constructed in which the waters are collected for distribution by great pumping engines in a house near-by. It makes a lovely pool like that of Siloam, translucently clear and pure like the hue of young lettuce leaves, and the surplus falls in a musical cascade over a dam and goes dancing and laughing down the valley.

As to how Ingalls was affected by external agencies he gives some insight in these letters to Constance:

Vocal music is an accomplishment that never appealed to me very strongly, except choirs of men's voices singing simple chords and familiar melodies. I have heard many of the best women artists with no other emotion than that with which one sees a performance on the trapeze.

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But instrumental music moves me very powerfully, agitates me with uncontrollable and indescribable intoxication. The distant strains of a martial band vanishing with the march: a quatrain of negroes blowing "harmonicums" at night, minor chords and nocturnes on a piano with low notes and plenty of pedal for vibration lingering on the sense: a bell faintly ringing beyond a forest — such things sometimes move me even now, old and tough and world-worn and weary as I am, to tears. They summon spirits from the vasty deep: the ghosts of hopes that are dead: of dreams that have faded: of friends that are gone: of ambitions that are quenched: of life's joy and bloom and splendor that will return no more.

To me the loss of sight would be the greatest affliction because my love of nature and physical beauty is so strong. Hearing is limited. A short distance, the loudest sounds are inaudible. So with taste. It gives delight, but the body can be nourished without the sensibility of the palate and the tongue. If dumb we can still write and read and hear. If we are unable to perceive the fragrance of flowers we can yet be charmed with the color and outline. If deaf we can communicate with the eye and the pen. But to be blind is to be imprisoned in perpetual darkness: shut out from the universe, from the aspects of the earth, the sky, and the sea: unable to go or come:

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compelled to be led and fed and dressed like an infant, and denied the joy of beholding the faces that we love. But after all we adapt ourselves to these privations without much grief. I have seen many blind persons, but they are generally cheerful enough and seem to enjoy life very well. The soul is independent of the senses. These are the avenues through which it communicates with others temporarily, and are not necessary to its existence. I have no doubt there are many senses we do not possess: many properties of matter with which we are unacquainted: many more dimensions than length, breadth and thickness: more colors than those which glow in the rainbow and the rose: many conditions immediately about and around and within, that we do not perceive, any more than my horse understands history and arithmetic, or the fish swimming in the ocean comprehends the great steamships with their cargoes of men and women and merchandise ploughing the waves which are his firmament.

It is an incomparable morning. The grass glitters with thick white frost, and the dense columns of smoke and vapor from the town below, ascend slowly toward the dazzling sky. The vibrations of the convent bell, ringing for nine, linger for an instant, cease and are still.

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III.

Ingalls was able to put himself on a level with the child in his correspondence — to feel and write like a child. He always had something to say that would certainly interest the young mind. To Marion he wrote of a trolley party:

Sheffield reports this morning that you had a splendid trolley party last night, with many electric lights, fine music and refreshments. Similar splendor prevailed here. The grounds at Oakridge were illuminated by an unclouded moon specially ordered for the occasion, several hundred thousand stars, and a million lightning-bugs. During the intervals till midnight four thousand bands composed of eleven hundred locusts, two thousand katydids and 7,569 black crickets played ragtime in the grass.

And see this:

The
little
Chester
White
Pig
died
this
morning
about

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eight
o'
clock.
The
calf
is
well
and
happy
and
so
is
Papa.

Here is the fate of the gum-chewer cleverly stated in what he terms —

THE SAD HISTORY OF A LITTLE GIRL IN ALABAMA WHO CHEWED GUM.

I

She got aboard at Pleasant Gap
To go to bus Colum*
And when the train-boy came she bought
Some Pepsin chewing gum.

II

She chewed and chawed and chawed and chewed
And chewed and chawed and chewed
And chawed and chawed and chawed and chewed
And chewed and chawed and chewed.

*This should have been "Columbus" instead of "bus Colum", but it wouldn't rhyme.

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III

And when she climbed the golden stair
To go to Kingdom come,
She never laid her cud aside
But kept on chewing gum.

III

Saint Peter met her at the gate
A looking very glum:
She said "Oh, is my hat on straight?"
And kept on chewing gum.

III

"Why do you work your jaws?" says he,
"From which no accents come?"
"Oh that's because I chews", says she—
"And wouldn't you like some?"

III

Whereat Saint Peter got very hot
And whacked her with his key,
And round she went, and down she went,
"You mean old thing", says she.

III

Past sun and moon and stars she fell,
With terror stricken dumb:
But through the wreck and crash of worlds
She kept on chewing gum!

Nothing could be more droll and entertaining
than the following letter to his daughter Marion,

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written in a serious vein, but in all kindness, and evidently in amusement:

I received your letter yesterday, but it was so hot, and I was so busy, that I could not go out to get the gloves. I determined to rise early this morning, and when I looked at my watch it was a quarter before six. This was too soon to rise, so I put my watch back under the pillow and took another nap. When I looked again it was nearly seven, and feeling that no time was to be lost, I bathed, shaved and dressed as rapidly as possible. Then I rung for breakfast. I had two great plums, one purple and one yellow, three slices of dry toast, an egg, breakfast bacon and coffee. By this time it was nearly eight o'clock, and I left the house. I was for some time in doubt whether to take a herdic or a street-car, but finally concluded in favor of the car, and turning slowly down New Jersey Avenue I waited at the corner near the B. & O. depot until an open car came along. I took a front seat by the side of a young man in a seersucker coat. When the conductor appeared I handed him a dollar bill. He gave me three quarters in silver and a package of six tickets, from which he took one, entitling me to a seat till the end of my journey. We passed slowly westward along D Street, into Indiana Avenue, past the City Hall and Police Headquarters, into Fifth Street. Here the car

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stopped to let off some passengers for the Pension Office, and starting up again ran smoothly along F Street, and paused at the corner of Ninth. Some confusion occurred here, so many desiring to leave and enter the car at the same time, but at last we moved on, and arriving at the corner of Eleventh, I rose and went to the rear platform. Fortunately a lady was waiting at that place to take the car, so I was not compelled to have the car stopped on my account.

Entering the store, I inquired where kid gloves for children could be found. A polite attendant directed me through an arched opening to a distant counter, where I found a homely young lady with pimples and a pink cambric or gingham dress. I made known my errand.

“What size?” said she.

“Five and five and a half,” said I.

“One pair?” said she.

“One of each size,” said I.

Turning to the case behind her, she took out two packages carefully folded in white paper.

“Who are they for?” said she.

“For Marion Ingalls, of Oakridge, near Atchison, Kansas, and her little sister Muriel,” said I.

“Has she any money to pay for these gloves? They are a dollar and a quarter a pair, and we sell only for cash,” said she.

“She has between four and five dollars,” said I.

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"Where is it?" said she.

"In her bank at Atchison," said I.

"Why didn't she send it?" said she.

"She forgot it," said I, feeling so badly that I thought I should weep.

She began to put the gloves back into the boxes again, saying that Mr. Lathrop told her not to sell kid gloves to little girls unless they sent the money along to pay for them, but agreed at last to let me have them if I would advance the amount till she could hear from you. This I did, and you will find the gloves in this soap-box, the fives for you and the five and a half for Muriel.

Another in the same vein was later written to Marion and Muriel, from which the following is taken:

I worked very hard all the forenoon, sitting in the hammock while Warner pushed the lawnmower and George weeded the walks and flower-beds. They furnished the muscle and I supplied the brain power. It was a great strain, but I kept resolutely at my task, resisting all temptations to idleness, and when it was over I felt amply repaid for all my efforts by the consciousness of duty performed and the smiles of an approving conscience. Tag sat in the shade snapping at the flies, and the birds sang now and then in the branches. I was shocked by the selfish and in-

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considerate conduct of the bantam cockerel who clucked whenever he found a fat bug, and as soon as his family came up, ate it himself.

My labors were increased by a man who came to make some repairs on the roof, and when Pul-len's ice-wagon drove up, I began to think I never should get through. Just as I began to see the end of my toil, the carpenter appeared to put a screen-door to Sheffield's room to keep the mice from biting him in the night, and put a lock on the sideboard. By the time the bell rang for luncheon I was so exhausted that I could hardly walk to the ice-water bucket, but the sight of food revived me somewhat, and I was barely able to eat two slices of cold lamb, three baked potatoes, two slices of bread and butter with currant jelly, a spoonful of smearcase, a dish of strawberries, a piece of cold apple pie, a slice of cake, a peach and an apricot, with a glass of water and a cup of tea, after which I felt refreshed.

The sensitive mind is started in a strain of thought by mere suggestion. The mention of golf by his daughter Muriel brought her the following:

I had my hair cut this morning after breakfast at the tonsorial parlors of Felix: price, thirty-five cents. It is a great drain on my resources. My

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hair requires cutting once every three weeks at least, sometimes oftener, or it becomes ragged and bummy. Call it five dollars a year, for fifty years, and there you have two hundred and fifty dollars, and the hair gone also. Supposing the hair to grow a foot a year, my tresses by this time would have been fifty feet long, so that when I got to the bottom of the stairs the ends would just be dragging out of my chamber door. One year in college, however, I let my hair grow and hang down on my shoulders in curls like a sissy boy, so you might leave off one foot.

So, golf has struck Atchison at last! It has been a long time coming, but I have no doubt it is good healthy recreation. It is odd that the entire human race spends most of its time knocking little balls about. The baby has a rubber ball. The boy plays marbles, and as he gets older, plays base ball and football. Then he knocks balls with a stick about the billiard tables. Then he takes larger sticks and hits little balls in polo and golf. When children get angry they throw spit-balls, and if men are mad they shoot pistol-balls. As soon as a girl grows up, she immediately wants to go to balls—(Loud cries of “Oh! oh!—Sneak!—Come off!—What ye givin’ us!” etc.) So I desist, except to say that the Creator has filled the Universe of space with balls of different sizes which He spins and whirls about

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in all directions, and that we have a good example.

I omitted to bring in fish-balls, and the bawls of the brat that stubs his toe and falls down, but these and many others will naturally occur to you without being specifically mentioned.

Ingalls did not, however, always write humorously to his children. Concerning her approaching marriage he wrote his daughter Ethel a beautiful and affectionate letter:

We are not, as a family, very effusive, nor much given to demonstration. We do not "wear our hearts upon our sleeve for daws to peck at", though I have no doubt we feel as deeply as those who profess more profusely.

I have thought much during the solitude of my voyage, while looking at the incessant fluctuations and vague horizon of the sea, of an approaching separation, with the regrets that always accompany such epochs, for the delinquencies and errors that are irreparable, and which we deplore when it is too late to make amends. While on some accounts I am sorry that you have concluded to marry, on others I perhaps should be glad: for while no station is exempt from sorrows which are inseparable from human life, a happy marriage no doubt has a preponderance of blessings, and the character and conduct of the man

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you have chosen are such as to justify any reasonable anticipations of felicity. No choice could have been more acceptable to me, since a choice had to be made, and I am sure that it will be a consolation to you to know that my judgment and my affection approve the dictates of your own. You have been a good child, and none can ever have a higher or more tender appreciation of your personal charms, and the graces of your life and demeanor than your mother and myself. I regret that on account of the misfortunes and burden of these troublous times, I shall not be able to do as much for you as I could wish, but fortunately your aspirations have never been extravagant, so that we shall, I hope, be able to meet your reasonable expectations.

Of his mother he wrote Marion from Tucson not long before his death, saying:

Your grandmother was born March 15, 1812, and will be eighty-eight years old in a few weeks. She is a very remarkable woman physically and mentally. She never had much strength, and her health always seemed fragile. She suffered greatly in her earlier life from sick headaches and sleeplessness. She ate but little and never took much exercise. She was always slight and delicate, and had none of the indications of long life. So, it would seem that longevity is an in-

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heritance, rather than an attainment, and depends little upon habits and conduct and ways of living. Her mind is quite as extraordinary, and her memory, perceptions, and interest in life have been preserved without abatement. While not highly educated, nor a great reader, nor in any sense a student, she has always kept acquainted with what was going on in the world, and her recollection of recent events is quite as acute as that of the affairs of her distant childhood and youth. Nothing can be more instructive and entertaining than her descriptions of the dress, and housekeeping, and habits of people seventy-five years ago, before there were any railroads, or steamboats, or telegraph, or telephones, or sewing machines, or electric lights, or friction matches, or photographs, or street cars, or any of the conveniences now considered so indispensable in modern life. She thinks there was quite as much happiness and more contentment then than now. She was a very kind and faithful mother to us all, but never affectionate nor demonstrative, though no doubt she felt quite as deeply as those who make more fuss. I don't think she was very "religious" as that word is commonly used, though she "belonged to the church", and attended worship regularly till recently. She was very ambitious and "practical". She liked wealth, and success, and rank, and station, and

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good clothes, but she has the philosophic spirit, and never to my recollection, found fault with fortune, nor complained because any of her wishes were not gratified.



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I.

Ingalls, like Omar, believed that no man ever pierced the secret,— that no man ever drew aside the veil of fate. With Taine, he was of the opinion “that primitive religions are born at the awakening of human reason, during the richest blossoming of human imagination, at a time of the fairest artlessness and the greatest credulity,— that whatever develops credulity side by side with a poetical conception of the world engenders religion”.

To the bold and independent intellect of Ingalls these principles appealed. The origin of religions and the development of deities, as stated by Renan, appeared reasonable to Ingalls. He did not, however, accept fully the views of these brilliant Frenchmen.

To him the fact that the soul was prone to grope in the obscurity veiling the purpose and destiny of man was proof that there was some attribute in his spiritual nature which compelled

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the birth of primitive religions at the awakening of human reason,—a cause lying behind the unrent veil, an inherent desire for immortality, a profound aspiration.

Upon this attribute, dimly discerned, faintly felt, feebly manifested, man reared such rude systems as his environment enabled him to evolve.

These conceptions did not carry Ingalls into the hopeless fields of materialism. Beyond the position that our knowledge is not sufficient to warrant any definite determination of the supreme problems of man's existence here he did not go. Standing back in that era of "the awakening of human reason" to which this process carried him, he could see what our progenitors, for want of human experience, could not discern,—the wrecks of numberless systems abandoned along the course over which mankind had taken way. Seeing these, he realized the futility of formulating metaphysical schemes.

To sustain his "profound aspiration" to immortality he, like Plato, had recourse to reason. "Inasmuch," he says, "as both force and matter are infinite and indestructible, and can neither be added to nor subtracted from, it follows that in

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some form we have always existed, and that we shall continue in some form to exist forever."

This lacks only the principle of evolution to constitute a basis for endless progress. But this essential he seems to reject. "Evolution, metempsychosis, reincarnation, are not beliefs. They are parts of speech, interesting only to the compiler of lexicons."

His strongest terms of disapprobation became a confession to lack of knowledge. He did not deny nor condemn,—his position forbade that. He did not know. Beyond that he could never go. "Whence we came into this life no one knows," he exclaims. Perhaps the most definite and confident utterance of Ingalls on this point is to be found in his oration delivered in the Senate on the death of Senator Hill, of Georgia. He was then at the zenith of his intellectual power, and what he said in that period of his life must be regarded as his settled conviction:

Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country.

Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores — we do not know.

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Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion — we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum; whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher Senate than ours for supremacy; or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath — we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel; whether he yet remembers us as we remember him — we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer: “If a man die, shall he live again?”

Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here,

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then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

These principles were reiterated by Ingalls less than four months before his death in his article —“The Immortality of the Soul”. That he died immovable in their truth there can be no doubt.

II.

Of Jesus of Nazareth, Ingalls said, “He is the central character of human destiny, the one colossal figure of human history.” But in this he is not to be understood as subscribing to the plan of redemption of souls said by His followers to have been proclaimed by Him. Rather, His teachings are to more and more prove the germs from which political progress and higher civilization must develop.

The central idea of Christianity, as now promulgated, is the resurrection. “If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain,” wrote Paul to the Corinthians, and, he continues, “they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.” “If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are

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of all men most miserable," he warns the worldly-minded. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," wrote the Beloved Disciple. The resurrection of the dead, as held by the Church, rests mainly on the utterances of the great apostle to the Gentiles. But for himself, Ingalls swept this away with a stroke of his pen,—"Saint Paul, the greatest of the teachers of Christianity, could only respond by a misleading analogy. He knew the wheat which is reaped is not that which is sown. The harvest is a succession, not a resurrection."

But even here Ingalls did not lapse into the despair of atheism. Writing to his father of the death of his son Addison, he said: "His sweet soul vanished into the Unknown. Yesterday beneath the clear sky that brooded above us like a covenant of peace, we laid him to sleep beside his sister, to wait the solution of the great mystery of existence when earth and sea shall give up their dead. That I may meet him again in the great Hereafter is a profound aspiration rather than a living faith, but if eternity will

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release its treasures, sometime I shall claim my own."

He regarded the question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" the everlasting interrogatory.

A Supreme Being, Ingalls seemed to admit, but of what order, nature, degree, glory, he did not affirm. "Faith in a Supreme Being," he said, "in immortality and the compensations of eternity conduces powerfully to social order by enabling men to endure with composure the injustice of this world in the hope of reparation in that which is to come."

The position finally assumed by Ingalls was due somewhat to a revulsion from the harsh theology of Calvin, at one time so deeply rooted in New England. He was to some extent a disciple of Carlyle, though he could never have been prevailed upon to admit it, and life became a matter of wonder and increasing mystery. "After all," he wrote his father, "whether well or ill, the longest life is but a brief pulsation, like the momentary flash of a firefly in a garden at night: and whether its transitory torch is to be extinguished forever or to be relighted and burn eternally, we hope and dream, but know not."

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III.

In the contemplation of immortality and the inscrutable mystery of human life Ingalls said that:

Our appearance here is not voluntary. We are sent to this planet on some mysterious errand without being consulted in advance. Many of us would not have come had the opportunity to decline, with thanks, been presented.

To multitudes life is an inconceivable insult and injury, an intolerable affront; torture and wretchedness indescribable from poverty, disease, grief, Fortune's slings and arrows; wrongs deliberately inflicted by some unknown malignant power, as Job was tormented by the devil, with the consent of God, just to try him, till at last the troubled patriarch cursed the day he was born.

Worst of all, we are sent here under sentence of death. The most grievous and humiliating punishment man can inflict upon the criminal is death.

Human tribunals give the malefactor a chance. His crime must be proved. He can put in his defense. He can appear by attorney and plead and take appeal. But we are all condemned to death beforehand. The accusation and the accuser are unknown. An inexorable verdict has

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been pronounced and recorded in the secret councils of the skies. We are neither confronted with the witness nor allowed a day in court. From the hour of birth we are beset by invulnerable and invisible enemies, the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Fatal germs, immortal bacilli, heaven-sent microbes, inhabit the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, poisoning where they fly and infecting where they repose.

Science continually discloses malevolent agencies, hitherto undetected, which we vainly try to extirpate, or to build frail and feeble barriers against their depredations.

Theology complacently announces that for the majority of the human race this tough world is the prelude to an eternity in hell. . . .

Nature, like a witness in contempt, stands mute. Science returns from the remotest excursions, shakes its head, and, smiling, puts the question by. Christ contented Himself with a few vague and unsatisfactory generalities. . . .

The evidence of a superintending moral purpose and design in the affairs of men are faint and few. The wicked prosper, the good suffer. The problems of sin, pain, and evil are insoluble. Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation, making the innocent suffer for the offences of the guilty, is

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an unjust and cruel law that ought to be repealed. Civilization has long since rejected the principle from human jurisprudence. Even treason, the highest crime known to its code, no longer works corruption of blood or forfeiture of estate.

Unless man is immortal, the moral universe, so far as he is concerned, disappears altogether. If he does not survive the grave, it makes no difference to him whether there be God or devil, or heaven or hell. And it must be not only a survival, but a continuity of consciousness as well, if the evil are to be punished and the good rewarded hereafter.

Ingalls believed mankind was making progress in the science of religion — in the science of god-making. He knew what every priest is anxious that his parishioner shall never know — that the term “religion” is of universal application, and that it embraces the crude incantations and deceptions of the Medicine Man as well as the tenets of Christianity. Savage practices no more condemn the one than do refined cruelties and polished amenities establish the other:

There was a profound truth in the declaration of Voltaire, that if there was no God, it would be necessary for man to invent one. God is indispensable [to man]. As the race advances, it

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clothes God with higher attributes and dignifies Him with more lofty functions. The gloomy and inexorable God of the Puritans has disappeared. He has been succeeded by a Supreme Being of infinite mercy, tenderness, and goodness; a ruler, a law-maker, subject to limitations and restraints imposed by His own perfections.

Opposition to Christianity, or any other religion, is no indication of infidelity, he argued, “but rather the strongest evidence of the religious spirit of the times, . . . the hunger and thirst for knowledge about what can never be known”.

So impenetrable did he regard the veil which hides the future that he expected another Christ and new revelations. But even these will prove insufficient and unsatisfactory, as have all others, for in this field alone has no progress been made, as witness his belief declared in his estimate of the book of Job:

The book of Job is the oldest, and in my judgment, the highest production of the human intellect. It is especially interesting because it shows that humanity at the dawn of history was engaged in considering the same problems that perplex us now — immortality, the existence of evil,

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the afflictions and misfortunes of the good in this world, and the prosperity of the wicked. We have made no progress in solving these problems. The barriers are insurmountable. The centuries are silent. The soul struggles, aspires, beats its wings against the bars, flutters, and disappears.

All this is grounded in human experience — nay, more than that,— in the inherent qualities of the nature of man. And, Ingalls believed — rightly — that sin, wickedness, wretchedness are necessary to our progress — indispensable to our very existence:

Poverty will never be abolished, nor misery, nor pain, nor disease. They are inseparable from humanity. Were all men contented and secure, progress would cease and the race would expire.

This, in a more delicate and cautious way, is the ruthless trampling under foot of temporary systems and agreed conventionalities so extensively practiced by Carlyle. Completed and stationary institutions for man's redemption Ingalls regarded with that independence and that reckless scorn peculiar to his Scandinavian-Germanic ancestry.

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IV.

The contemplation of the mystery of this life did not react upon Ingalls to produce melancholy or misanthropy. In a letter to his wife, he said, "Life to me is so vivid and intense, like an eager flame, that pain, disease, weakness, annihilation seem monstrous and intolerable."

He loved life. Its enjoyment was precious to him, some expression of which we find in his writings. As early as 1872, in a letter to his father on a Thanksgiving anniversary, he said:

I have thought much to-day of the long career of my life, which has been extended so long beyond my early anticipations, and rendered conspicuous by so many blessings which I am conscious I have not deserved and which I never hoped to enjoy. Standing upon the uplands of middle life, my childhood and youth seem like the experiences of another planet, and though I have suffered much from the tortures of disturbed functions, diseased nerves, sensibilities unnaturally acute, the war in my members between the spirit and the flesh, the agonies of conflict between unconquerable appetites, passions, impulses and ambitions, and a conscience too sensitive to submit to moral anodynes, yet I have much to

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recall with gratitude to some Benign Power that has given me a moderate measure of worldly success, a modest competence, and a reasonable assurance of the esteem of my fellows; a happy home, and hopeful children whom it shall be my chief care to teach to shun the errors that have been my bane.

I have thought much also of that benevolent destiny that has protracted an existence as a family, unbroken through so many years; that gave to us in our early years the benefit and advantage of parental restraint and care, and has given to you the opportunity of seeing the practical result of your anxiety and toil, and the establishment of your children in reputable positions in widely disassociated sphere's of life.

As time passes on, the burden of existence becomes more grievous: these anniversaries, once so bright and festal, grow ominous with shadows, and have a deep, sad and solemn significance. Laden with the inexpressible pathos, the yearning regrets, the farewells of the past, its melanchoiy and its external pain, they also point with prophetic augury to the future, near or far, when anniversaries shall be no more. How happy they who live so that they are not afraid to die!—I trust that we may know many returns of this ancient festival, but more than that, I hope that when on some future Thanksgiving, the last sur-

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vivor of us all recalls the vivid memories of those who have gone before, no grief may dim his vision save that which separation always brings, and that he may confidently and gratefully anticipate the hour which shall summon him to join a reunited family in a brighter world than this: a world which shall seem as the glorious wakening from a fevered dream, where sorrow has no dominion, where distance cannot separate, where time cannot chill, and the tragic limitations of earthly being are forever unknown.

The references here to “a reunited family in a brighter world, where sorrow has no dominion”, and “time cannot chill”, are reverisons to the Calvinistic sermons impatiently heard on Thanksgivings in youth in New England, and must not be taken as expressing his own state or belief.

The death of Garfield, his kinsman, aroused in Ingalls the realization of the futility of earthly power and grandeur. In a letter to his father were these expressions penned:

To one unaware of the tragedy of July, it would seem incredible that within three months, the chosen ruler of a great nation had been buried amid the grief of all the civilized world, and that the trial of his assassin was proceeding in sight of the Capitol from which the remains of

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the victim were so lately borne to their last repose. The moralist and the philosopher might find abundant food for thought, nor could the cynic restrain his sneer at the spectacle presented by the thoughtless theory of ambitious aspirants who have so readily transferred their allegiance to the new President who sits in the Council Chamber so lately vacated by the dead. The emptiness of fame, the hollow mockery of friendship, the vanity of ambition, the worthlessness of power, the insignificance of man, never had a more striking illustration. “The King is dead! Long live the King!”— And yet, notwithstanding the wretchedness of humanity, and the evils of human life, there is something attractive about existence. When digestion is good and the nerves neither too lax nor too tensely strung, it is pleasant to eat a good dinner, to get a little drunk, to smoke a good cigar, to talk with bright men and women, to drive in the woods, to stroll in the sun, to get into a row occasionally if you can be on top, to sleep and wake, to play with children, to read good books, and wonder what life means, and to what it leads, how we got here and where we are going; a perplexing riddle which has not been solved.

This was the blind beating of the immortal in man against the bars of the earthly prison of this

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life with its vexing and distracting limitations. Of the same nature is the “everlasting interrogatory” of Job. The same problems troubled the Preacher of Wisdom, who saw “in human enquiry no attainment, in the succession of events no advance, in the succession of human generations no continuity”, and who saw the tragedy of Life in the “Coming of the Evil Days”, when

“The years draw nigh,
When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them:

Or ever the sun
 And the light,
 And the moon,
 And the stars,
Be darkened,
And the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the grinders cease because they are few,
And those that look out of the windows be darkened,
And the doors shall be shut in the street;

When the sound of the grinding is low,
And one shall rise up at the voice of a bird,
And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Yea, they shall be afraid of that which is high,
And terrors shall be in the way:

And the almond tree shall blossom,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden,
And the caperberry shall burst:

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Because man goeth to his long home,
And the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern:

And the dust return to the earth,
As it was;
And the spirit return unto God
Who gave it".*

* Dr. Moulton's version. Quoted from his Ecclesiastes.

V.

As his years increased a sense of death abode with Ingalls. And so it does with every reflecting man. It is said that Egyptians of the upper class kept memory and thought of death ever present by the exhibition at feasts of a human skeleton. To the Anglo-Saxons death is the King of Terrors, but to that people has been given that fortitude with which death is contemplated in quiescence and with tranquillity. In this mood Ingalls wrote his wife near the close of the year 1890 :

The clouds are steamy and still. The world is so lovely at its best, and life so delightful, that I dread the thought of leaving it. I have seen and

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experienced so little of what may be seen and known that it seems like closing a volume of which I have only glanced at the title-page. But so many are taking their leave, and I have already survived so large a number of my contemporaries, that I must contemplate my departure with the rest. I thought as I lay in bed this morning, having waked early, what an uncivil host life is, to invite us to an entertainment which we are compelled to attend whether we like it or not, and then to unceremoniously take us by the arm and bow us out into the night, stormy and dismal, to go stumbling about without so much as a lantern to show us the way to another town.— To continue in the same strain of reflection, our ground in the cemetery should have a “Monument”. I hate these obelisks, urns, and stone cottages, and should prefer a great natural rock — one of the red boulders — known as the “lost rocks” of the prairie — porphyry from the North — brought down in glacier times — with a small surface smoothed down — just large enough to make a tablet in which should be inserted the bronze letters of our name — “Ingalls” — and nothing else.

And, so, this man of dilatory habit, but of mind acute and sensitive, tensely-strung and cast of the genius of the Saxons, of whom he came, went

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down to the grave without fear—in reverence and in agnosticism. With Omar of old, he believed “this world’s phantasmagoria is a vision, which rises from a boundless ocean, and sinks again into the same ocean from which it arose”.

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I.

Ingalls did his best literary work before his election to the Senate. After that other matters occupied his time and diverted his attention. But for many years it was his cherished ambition to retire from polities and lead a sort of solitary secluded life, the details of which were vague and indefinite in his own mind. Fortunately this longing of the soul was never gratified. Life has its times and its seasons, the mind its epochs and its eras. What a man may excel in at one period he may not be able to achieve in another, even though his powers be not abated nor his intellect diminished. Emotion depends much on precarious circumstance, and the capacity for its expression may be lost or smothered by baser things. The mind treasures former joys, and as age creeps on reversion to them increases. Man becomes reflective, and the contemplation of the events of early life becomes his chief pleasure. Fancy flatters him with the delusion that former achieve-

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ments could be successfully repeated, though the black raven of experience croaks the hoarse and disconsolate note — Nevermore!

The literary reputation of Ingalls must rest mainly upon his writings known as the "*Kansas Magazine Articles*," a series of essays written for a chance publication of the prairies, a brilliant child of Kansas, of birth premature by a full half-century.

The inspiration for these charming productions Ingalls found in Kansas. He had previously written much, but it was flat and stale,— nothing that the world cares to see or preserve. He had not then been stirred. But, standing on the rugged bluffs of the winding Missouri he was powerfully moved. The vast expanse of rolling prairie and woodland, the illimitable azure reaches where "Triangles of wild geese harrowed the blue fields of the sky", the purple haze mellowing the horizon into an amethyst ocean, aroused in him emotions which he described and made immortal.

Combined with the glory of the landscape were the rattle of steel and the clash of civilizations. The Puritan and the Cavalier, in their migrations westward, met at the cross-roads of Kansas.

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Men marched and fought, slew one another and devastated fields, pulled down houses and ruined homes. Flames rolling red against the midnight sky told of towns sacked and settlements destroyed. In the scathing arraignment of border-ruffians Ingalls perched on crags of sarcastic denunciation inaccessible to any coming after him.

The first of these graphic delineations he termed "Catfish Aristocracy". Only in one instance did he ever surpass it. Its scene was laid on one of those temporary and precarious flats cast up by the Missouri River, the building of which no other writer need now ever attempt to describe:

Born of a snag, a wreck, an adverse gale, a sunken floater, anything that can afford brief lodgment for accumulation, these accretions may dissolve and vanish with the next "rise", or they may mysteriously elevate themselves above the level of the water, give root to wind-sown willows, cottonwoods, elms, and sycamores, an anonymous growth of feculent herbage and festering, crawling weeds, but never a bright blade of wholesome grass, a lovely bud or flower.

Malarious brakes and jungles suddenly exhale from the black soil, in whose loathsome recesses the pools of pure rain change by some horrible alchemy into green ooze and bubbly slime, breed-

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ing reptiles and vermin that creep and fly, infecting earth and air with their venom, fatal alike to action and repose. Gigantic parasites smother and strangle the huge trunks they embrace, turning them into massive columns of verdure, changing into crimson like that of blood when smitten by the frosts of October. Pendulous, leafless vines dismally sway from the loftiest trees like gallows without their tenants. Deadly vapors, and snaky, revolting odors, begotten of decay, brood in the perpetual gloom.

If not too soon undermined by the insidious chute gnawing at its foundation of quaking quick-sands, this foul alluvion becomes subject to local government, and, under a mistaken idea that it is a component part of this sure and firm-set earth, is surveyed and taxed. Its useless forests are deadened, and the ruined boles stand like grizzly phantoms in the waste. A zig-zag pen of rotten rails creeps round a hovel of decayed logs with mud-daubed interstices that seem to spring like a congenial exhalation from the ground. In the uncouth but appropriate phraseology of its denizens, it is "cleared bottom", and has become the abode of the catfish aristocrat. It was amid such surroundings that I first met Shang, the Grand Duke of this order of nobility. Thus he had always lived; thus his ancestors, if he had any; and thus he and his successors, heirs, and

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assigns will continue to live till education, religion, and development shall render him and his congeners as impossible as the monsters that tore each other in the period of the Jurassic group.

"Shang, the Grand Duke" of catfish aristocracy, was representative of a type of border characters. Of this type Ingalls continues:

Perhaps the most marked and ineradicable outward distinction is the manner in which they respond to a question imperfectly understood. The one, squirting a gourdful of tobacco juice into the jimson-weeds, with a prolonged, rising inflection, drawls out, "Whi-i-ich?" The other stops whittling, or lays down *The Kansas Magazine*, and jerks out, "Haouw?"

Beware of the creature that says "Which?" and shun the vicinage wherein he dwells! He builds no school-house. He erects no church. To his morals the Sabbath is unknown. To his intellect the alphabet is superfluous. His premises have neither barn, nor cellar, nor well. His crop of corn stands ungathered in the field. He "packs" water half a mile from the nearest branch or spring. His perennial diet is hog, smoked and salted in the summer, and fresh at "killin' time". He delights in cracklins and spare-ribs. Gnashing his tusks upon the impenetrable mail of his corn-dodger, he sighs for the

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time of "roas'n-eers". He has a weakness for "coweumbers" and "watermel'ns"; but when he soars above the gross needs of his common nature and strives to prepare a feast that shall rival the banquets of Lucullus, he spreads his festive cottonwood with catfish and pawpaws.

From such a protoplasm, or physical basis of life, proceeds an animal, bifid, long-haired, unaccustomed to the use of soap, without conscience or right reason, gregarious upon bottom lands, where they swarm with unimaginable fecundity. In time of peace they unanimously vote the Democratic ticket. During the war they became guerrillas and bushwhackers under Price, Anderson, and Quantrill; assassins; thugs; poisoners of wells; murderers of captive women and children; sackers of defenseless towns; house-burners; horse-thieves; perpetrators of atrocities that would make the blood of Sepoys run cold.

The catfish aristocrat is pre-eminently the saloon-builder. Past generations and perished races of men have defied oblivion by the enduring structures which pride, sorrow, or religion have reared to perpetuate the virtues of the living or the memory of the dead. Ghizeh has its pyramids; Petra its temples; the Middle Ages their cathedrals; Central America its ruins; but Pike and Posey have their saloons, where the patrician of the bottom assembles with his peers. Gathered

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around a rusty stove choked with soggy drift-wood, he drinks sod-corn from a tin cup, plays “old sledge” upon the head of an empty keg, and reels home at nightfall, yelling through the timber, to his squalid cabin.

A score of lean, hungry curs pour in a canine cataract over the worm-fence by the horse-block as their master approaches, baying deep-mouthed welcome, filling the chambers of the forests with hoarse reverberations, mingled with an explosion of oaths and frantic imprecations. Snoring the night away in drunken slumber under a heap of gray blankets, he crawls into his muddy jeans at sun-up, takes a gurgling drink from a flat black bottle stoppered with a cob, goes to the log-pile by the front door, and with a dull ax slabs off an armful of green cottonwood to make a fire for breakfast, which consists of the inevitable “meat and bread” and a decoction of coffee burned to charcoal and drank without milk or sugar. Another pull at the bottle, a few grains of quinine if it is “ager” day, a “chaw” of navy, and the repast is finished. The sweet delights of home have been enjoyed, and the spiritual creature goes forth, invigorated for the struggle of life, to repeat the exploits of every yesterday of his existence.

Ingalls knew more of his hero than he revealed, and admitted, long afterwards, that he was bright

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and extremely interesting. He had been a dragoon in the Mexican War. He became “a private in that noble army of chivalry which marched to Kansas to fight the Puritan idea” in border-ruffian days. At Marysville, December 21, 1857, he voted twenty-five times for the Lecompton constitution before noon. His “frame was of unearthly longitude and unspeakable emaciation”, and these qualities fastened on him the sobriquet of “Shanghai”, whence Ingalls derived “Shang”, though he says he could never discover its origin. His name was Jonathan Gardner Lang. He was “jug-fisherman, melon-raiser, truck-patch farmer, and town-drunkard”, a later biography says. He lived at Sumner, and Ingalls never tired of hearing his stories, going with him sometimes in his boat to “jug” for catfish. He gives us this description of his “typical grandee”:

I have heretofore alluded to Shang as the typical grandee of this ichthyological peerage. Whence he derived the appellation by which he was uniformly known, I could never satisfactorily ascertain. Whether it was his ancestral title, or merely a playful pseudonym bestowed upon him by some familiar friend in affection’s most endearing hours, was never disclosed. Of his

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birth, his parentage, his antecedents, it were equally vain to inquire. He was unintentionally begotten in a concupiscence as idle and thoughtless as that of dogs or flies or swine. It has been surmised that he was evolved from the minor consciousness of his own squalor, but this must always remain a matter of conjecture.

To the most minute observer, his age was a question of the gravest doubt. He might have been thirty, he might have been a century, with no violation of the probabilities. His hair was a sandy sorrel, something like a Rembrandt interior, and strayed around his freckled scalp like the top-layer of a hayrick in a tornado. His eyes were two ulcers half filled with pale-blue starch. A thin, sharp nose projected above a lipless mouth that seemed always upon the point of breaking into the most grievous lamentations, and never opened save to take whiskey and tobacco in and let oaths and saliva out. A long, slender neck, yellow and wrinkled after the manner of a lizard's belly, bore this dome of thought upon its summit, itself projecting from a miscellaneous assortment of gents' furnishing goods, which covered a frame of unearthly longitude and unspeakable emaciation. Thorns and thongs supplied the place of buttons upon the costume of this Brummel of the bottom, coarsely patched beyond recognition of the original fabric. The coat had been

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constructed for a giant, the pants for a pygmy. They were too long in the waist and too short in the leg, and flapped loosely around his shrunk shanks high above the point where his fearful feet were partially concealed by mismatched shoes that permitted his great toes to peer from their gaping integuments, like the heads of two snakes of a novel species and uncommon fetor. The princely phenomenon was topped with a hat that had neither band nor brim nor crown;

"If that could shape be called which shape had none".

His voice was high, shrill, and querulous, and his manner an odd mixture of fawning servility and apprehensive effrontery at the sight of a "damned Yankee Abolitionist", whom he hated and feared next to a negro who was not a slave.

Contemplating with horror the possibility of the victory of Shang in the Kansas conflict, Ingalls exclaims:

It is appalling to reflect what the condition of Kansas would have been to-day had its destiny been left in the hands of Shang and those of his associates who first did its voting and attempted to frame its institutions. A few hundred mush-eating chawbacons, her only population, would still have been chasing their razor-backed hogs through the thickets of black-jack, and jugging

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for catfish in the chutes of the Missouri and the Kaw.

Shang was not wholly illiterate, for he read the brilliant article of which he was the hero. His indignation was great; his wrath was kindled against the author. He resolved to "have the law" on his traducer, having been advised thereto by that tout of the law known as the "jack-leg", denominated in these degenerate days by the purulent epithet of "snitch". In his copy of the *Kansas Magazine*, Ingalls made notation of the settlement with Shang, as follows:

This delineation was popularly supposed to be drawn from life. Its original was alleged to be Jonathan G. Lang, a resident of Sumner, Atchison Co., since 1858. He was a native of Kentucky (Carroll Co.), and was commonly known as "Shanghai", from the longitude of his neck and legs. The sketch can hardly be called an exaggeration, though it has some of the elements of caricature. Lang thought it was intended for him, and I finally restored the *entente cordiale* by presenting him with a sack of flour and some "side meat".

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II.

Of the prose compositions of Ingalls, "Blue Grass" is gradually taking first place—rightly so. Its inspiration was the same that brought forth "Catfish Aristocracy". Indeed, it is but a different side of the same subject.

The intellect of Ingalls was restricted, but intense. In "Blue Grass" we have only the landscape of Eastern Kansas and the sarcastic crucifixion of the Missourian. But by his powerful intellectual alchemy, Ingalls produced from these the most astonishing scenes and the most beautiful figures:

Attracted by the bland softness of an afternoon in my primeval winter in Kansas, I rode southward through the dense forest that then covered the bluffs of the North Fork of Wildcat. The ground was sodden with the ooze of melting snow. The dripping trees were as motionless as granite. The last year's leaves, tenacious lingerers, loath to leave the scene of their brief bravery, adhered to the gray boughs like fragile bronze. There were no visible indications of life, but the broad, wintry landscape was flooded with that indescribable splendor that never was on sea or shore—a purple and silken softness, that half

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veiled, half disclosed the alien horizon, the vast curves of the remote river, the transient architecture of the clouds, and filled the responsive soul with a vague tumult of emotions, pensive and pathetic, in which regret and hope contended for the mastery. The dead and silent globe, with all its hidden kingdoms, seemed swimming like a bubble, suspended in an ethereal solution of amethyst and silver, compounded of the exhaling whiteness of the snow, the descending glory of the sky. A tropical atmosphere brooded upon an arctic scene, creating the strange spectacle of summer in winter, June and January, peculiar to Kansas, which cannot be imagined, but once seen can never be forgotten. A sudden descent into the sheltered valley revealed an unexpected crescent of dazzling verdure, glittering like a meadow in early spring, unreal as an incantation, surprising as the sea to the soldiers of Xenophon as they stood upon the shore and shouted "*Thalatta!*" It was Blue Grass, unknown in Eden, the final triumph of nature, reserved to compensate her favorite offspring in the new paradise of Kansas for the loss of the old upon the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light, and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Ex-

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aggerated by tropical heats and vapors to the gigantic cane congested with its saccharine secretion, or dwarfed by polar rigors to the fibrous hair of northern solitudes, embracing between these extremes the maize with its resolute pennons, the rice plant of Southern swamps, the wheat, rye, barley, oats, and other cereals, no less than the humbler verdure of hillside, pasture, and prairie in the temperate zone, grass is the most widely distributed of all vegetable beings, and is at once the type of our life and the emblem of our mortality. Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

In the following paragraph Ingalls ascended to his greatest height. It is his best,— the supreme effort beyond which he could, in prose, never go:

Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become

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grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place, and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climate, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it abides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

From this sublime height he descends to the

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Missourian, whose degradation he delineates and whose redemption he proclaims :

A more uninviting field for the utilitarian cannot be imagined than one of the benighted border counties of Missouri, where climate, products, labor and tradition have conspired to develop a race of hard-visaged and forbidding ruffians, exhibiting a grotesque medley of all the vices of civilization unaccompanied even by the negative virtues of barbarism. To these fallen angels villainy is an amusement, crime a recreation, murder a pastime. They pursue from purpose every object that should be shunned by instinct. To the ignorance of the Indian they add the ferocity of the wolf, the venom of the adder, the cowardice of the slave. The contemplation of their deeds would convince the optimist that any system of morals would be imperfect that did not include a hell of the largest dimensions. Their continued existence is a standing reproach to the New Testament, to the doctrines of every apostle, to the creed of every church.

But even this degradation, unspeakable as it is, arises largely from material causes, and is susceptible of relief. In the moral pharmacy there is an antidote.

The salutary panacea is Blue Grass.

This is the healing catholicon, the strengthen-

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ing plaster, the verdant cataplasma, efficient alike in the *Materia Medica* of Nature and of morals.

Seed the country down to blue grass and the reformation would begin. Such a change must be gradual. One generation would not witness it, but three would see it accomplished. The first symptom would be an undefined uneasiness along the creeks, in the rotten eruption of cottonwood hovels near the grist-mill and the blacksmith's shop at the fork of the roads, followed by a "totting" of plunder into the "bow-dark" wagon and an exodus for "out West". A sore-backed mule geared to a spavined sorrel, or a dwarfish yoke of stunted steers, drag the creaking wain along the muddy roads, accelerated by the long-drawn "Whoo-hoop-a-Haw-aw-aw" of "Dad" in butter-nut-colored homespun, as he walks beside, cracking a black-snake with a detonation like a Derringer. "Mam" and half a score of rat-faced children peer from the chaos within. A rough coop of chickens, a split-bottom "cheer", and a rusty joint of pipe depend from the rear, as the dismal procession moves westward, and is lost in the confused obscurity of the extreme frontier. Some, too poor or too timid to emigrate, would remain behind, contenting themselves with a sullen revolt against the census, the alphabet, the multiplication table, and the penitentiary. Dwelling upon the memory of past felonies, which the

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hangman prevents them from repeating, they clasp hands across the bloody chasm. But the aspect of Nature and society would gradually change — fields widen, forests increase; fences are straightened, dwellings painted, schools established. It is no longer disreputable to know how to read in words of one syllable, and to spell one's name. The knowledge of the use of soap imperceptibly extends. The hair, which was wont to hang upon the shoulders, is shorn as high as the ears. The women no longer ride the old roan "mar", smoking a cob-pipe, with a blue cotton sun-bonnet cocked over the left eye, but assume the garb of the milliner, and come to the store with their eggs and butter in a Jackson wagon. Pistols are laid aside. Oaths and quarrels are less frequent. Drunkenness is not so general, and the indiscriminate use of illicit whiskey partially yields to the peaceful lager and cheering wine, although in his festive hours the true son of the soil cannot forbear to occasionally kill a teacher, burn a school-house, or flay a negro, by way of facetious recreation. The second generation would probably discard butternut and buttermilk, and adopt the diet and habit of the lower classes in New England. The third might not be distinguishable, without close inspection, from the average American gentleman.

The only adequate characterization of the ex-

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treme climatic range of the prairies of Kansas is found here. And no better description of a Kansas thunderstorm was ever written:

Kansas is all antithesis. It is a land of extremes. It is the hottest, coldest, dryest, wettest, thickest, thinnest country in the world. The stranger who crossed our borders for the first time at Wyandotte and traveled by rail to White Cloud would with consternation contrast that uninterrupted Sierra of rygose and oak-clad crags with the placid prairies of his imagination. Let him ride along the spine of any of those lateral "divides" or water-sheds whose

"Level leagues forsaken lie,
A grassy waste, extending to the sky",

and he would be oppressed by the same melancholy monotony which broods over those who pursue the receding horizon over the fluctuating plains of the sea. And let his discursion be whither it would, if he listened to the voice of experience, he would not start upon his pilgrimage at any season of the year without an over-coat, a fan, a lightning-rod, and an umbrella.

The new-comer, alarmed by the traditions of "the drought of '60", when, in the language of one of the varnished rhetoricians of that epoch, "acorns were used for food, and the bark of trees for clothing", views with terror the long success-

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sion of dazzling early summer days; days without clouds and nights without dew; days when the effulgent sun floods the dome with fierce and blinding radiance; days of glittering leaves and burnished blades of serried ranks of corn; days when the transparent air, purged of all earthly exhalation and alloy, seems like a powerful lens, revealing a remoter horizon and a profounder sky.

But his apprehensions are relieved by the unheralded appearance of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in the northwest. A huge bulk of purple and ebony vapor, preceded by a surging wave of pallid smoke, blots out the sky. Birds and insects disappear, and cattle abruptly stand agazed. An appalling silence, an ominous darkness, fills the atmosphere. A continuous roll of muffled thunder, increasing in volume, shakes the solid earth. The air suddenly grows chill and smells like an unused cellar. A fume of yellow dust conceals the base of the meteor. The jagged scimitar of the lightning, drawn from its cloudy scabbard, is brandished for a terrible instant in the abyss, and thrust into the affrightened city, with a crash as if the rafters of the world had fallen. The wind, hitherto concealed, leaps from its ambush and lashes the earth with scourges of rain. The broken cisterns of the clouds can hold no water, and rivers run in the

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atmosphere. Dry ravines become turbid torrents, bearing cargoes of drift and rubbish on their swift descent. Confusion and chaos hold undisputed sway. In a moment the turmoil ceases. A gray veil of rain stands like a wall of granite in the eastern sky. The trailing banners of the storm hang from the frail bastions. The routed squadrons of mist, gray on violet, terrified fugitives precipitately fly beneath the triumphal arch of a rainbow whose airy and insubstantial glory dies with the dying sun.

For days the phenomenon is repeated. Water oozes from the air. The strands of rain are woven with the inconstant sunbeam. Reeds and sedges grow in the fields, and all nature tends to fins, web-feet, and amphibiousness.

III.

“Regis Loisel” is an account of a French trapper and fur-trader of that name, who lived in Upper Louisiana just prior to its acquisition by the United States. Ingalls believed it his best effort, another instance tending to show that an author is not always the most competent judge of the merits of his own productions. It is, indeed, an exceptional composition, but its excellent passages are much of the same nature found in

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all his writings — the mystery and profound beauty of the Valley of the Missouri. Here is a splendid paragraph:

The sullen gray bars of the river were vocal with sonorous flocks of brant, halting for a night on their prodigious emigrations from the icebergs to the palms. Triangles of wild geese harrowed the blue fields of the sky. Regiments of pelicans performed their mysterious evolutions high in air — now white, now black, as their wings or their breasts were turned to the setting sun. The sand-hill crane, trailing the ridiculous longitude of his thin stilts behind him, dropped his gurgling croak from aerial elevations, at which his outspread pinions seemed but a black mote in the ocean of the atmosphere. In all the circumference of the waste wilderness beneath him, he saw no tower or roof or spire upon the hills of Atchison, no cabin on the prairie, no hollow square cleared in the forests of Buchanan and Platte; heard no vibration of bells, no scream of glittering engine, no thunder of rolling trains, no roar of wheels, no noise of masses of men like distant surf tumbling on a rocky shore; no human trace along the curves of the winding river, save the thin blue fume that curled upward through the trees at the base of the bluff from the camp-fire of Regis Loisel.

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The skeleton in the closet of one of the first families of St. Louis is thus brought to public view by the deft rhetoric of Ingalls:

Laclede, the projector of the enterprise, was a mercantile adventurer of noble descent from Bordeaux, long domiciled in New Orleans, where he had fallen a victim to the voluptuous charms of Madame Chouteau, the wife of a baker of bread and pies for the hungry, and a vendor of ale and wine for the thirsty villagers. Monsieur Chouteau, the baker, was presumably a crusty fellow, neither well bread nor in the flour of his youth; a dough-faced loaf-er and a pie-biter of the deepest dye. Be this as it may, Madame preferred the plume and sword of her dashing lover to the paper cap and rolling-pin of her liege lord, and "lit out" in the summer of 1763 with the expedition for Ste. Genevieve, arriving on November 3d, where they went into winter quarters. After a careful examination of the topography of the surrounding country, Laclede selected the present site of St. Louis, and established a trading-post February 15, 1764, erecting a large house and four stores on the levee. In due time he died, bequeathing his name to a street and a hotel in the city he founded. Madame Chouteau long survived him, residing in St. Louis till her death, leaving a numerous progeny of Chouteaus, and a

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name that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust. She was a woman of great strength of character and marvelous personal beauty, and ruled St. Louis with despotic sovereignty.

Loisel secured a grant of land from his government which the United States finally recognized and confirmed to the amount of 38,111 acres, warrants for which were laid on the public domain in Kansas. In the litigation for the possession of this land which ensued Ingalls was retained as attorney. At the final disposition of the matter he was present and participating. His description of the proceedings must be accepted as one of the best accounts of frontier courts extant:

And thus at last, in the strange vicissitude and mutation that accompanies human affairs, it chanced that the protracted strife finally closed in the courts of Nemaha, and it was there determined who were the "heirs of Regis Loisel".

Had the bandage been removed from the eyes of the Goddess of Justice upon that wintry day, she would have dropped the idle scales and brandished the avenging sword. They have built her a stately temple since, whose harmonious and symmetrical mass is the poem of a landscape that was enchanted before a cheap railway had span-

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ned the Nemaha with its skeleton truss, and dumped its black grade diagonally across the great military road that trailed westward through the village and over the level prairie toward Salt Lake and the Pacific Ocean. But upon the day aforesaid, the goddess dwelt like the apostle in her own hired house, a chosen sanctuary of cottonwood that stood four-square to all the winds that blew. Here were the aegis, the palladium, the forum, the ermine, the immortal twelve, and all the paraphernalia inseparable from the administration of law in its most primitive form—essential to its sanctions, the staple of its orators; without which, we are assured by its ministers, the proud edifice of our liberties would incontinently topple and fall headlong from turret to foundation-stone.

The two windows rattling in their rude casements were curtained with frost of the thickness and consistency of tripe. Between them, with his head dangerously near the rough mortar of the ceiling, sat his honor the judge, surveying the scene from an inverted packing-box, his boots interrupting his vision, and his chair inclined against the wall. The harangues of the advocates were enlivened by the musical clinking of glasses, the festal notes of the rustic Cremona, and the boisterous bursts of inebriated laughter from the doggery beneath. Planks of splintered pine, sus-

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tained by a beggarly account of empty boxes, soap and cracker, spice and candle, from adjacent groceries, afforded repose to a group of dilapidated loafers who crouched and shivered around the smoking stove. As they masticated their "flat tobacker", they meditatively expectorated in the three-ply saw-dust that carpeted the floor, and listened to the will of Regis Loisel.

The subtle potency of the soul of the bold adventurer spoke imperiously from the abyss of a forgotten past. His voice emanated from an unknown grave, across the interval of three-quarters of a century. His restless and uneasy ghost animated the mysterious syllables at whose utterance arose the phantom of the Law, which irresistibly forbade intrusion upon sixty square miles of Kansas prairie, in the name and by the will of Regis Loisel.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the closing paragraph. Its splendor arises from the reverie of the author once more to the mysterious Missouri winding its way to the sea—an object of his inspiration, a manifestation of nature that held always for him the profoundest fascination:

And so the drama ended. Three generations had passed away. The squalid hamlet had expanded into an opulent metropolis, of which his

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descendants are eminent and honored citizens. States had sprung like an exhalation from the wilderness. An intense civilization pervaded the profoundest solitudes. Nothing remained unchanged in the wild world of his brief life save the impulsive and desolate river which wears as then, and will forever wear, the impervious mask of its sullen mystery; which bears as then, and will forever bear, the burden of its secret unrevealed, yielding no response to the living who tempt its inconstant wave, nor the dead who sleep by its complaining shore.

IV.

In the category of writings formerly specified we find "The last of the Jayhawkers". What history says and what it might say could not be better stated than in this production:

Had an irreverent Athenian ventured to doubt Silenus or denounce Priapus, he would probably have been received with a stormy outcry like that which greeted Bancroft when he ventured to disclose the truth about some of the paragons of early American history. And yet it cannot be denied that the popular notion of the founders of the Government is as purely mythological as the Grecian dream of Jupiter and Minerva. With what awe in our boyhood do we contemplate the

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majestic name of Washington! That benign and tranquil, although somewhat stolid visage, looks down upon us from a serene atmosphere unstained with earthly passion. That venerable fame bears no taint of mortal frailty save in the juvenile episode of the hatchet, in which the venial error is expiated by the immortal candor of its confession. To our revering fancy, the massive form wrapped in military cloak stands forever at midnight upon the frozen banks of the Delaware, watching the patriot troops cross the icy current in the darkness before the grand morning of Trenton; or else, arrayed in black velvet small-clothes, resigning his commission to the Continental Congress at Annapolis. We learn in riper years, with grief not unmixed with incredulity, that this great man was subject to ungovernable outbreaks of rage, that he swore like a mule-driver, and that he was not only the Father of his Country, but also of Governor Posey of Indiana.

No highwayman ever had published a more satisfactory statement of his person and objects than this last Jayhawker:

At this time patriotism and larceny had not entirely coalesced, and upon the debatable frontier between these contending passions appeared a race of thrifty warriors, whose souls were rent with conflicting emotions at the thought of their

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bleeding country's wrongs and the available assets of Missouri. Their avowed object was the protection of the border. Their real design was indiscriminate plunder. They adopted the name of "Jayhawkers".

Conspicuous among the irregular heroes who thus sprang to arms in 1861, and ostensibly their leader, was an Ohio stage-driver by the name of Charles Metz, who, having graduated with honor from the penitentiary of Missouri, assumed from prudential reasons the more euphonious and distinguished appellation of "Cleveland". He was a picturesque brigand. Had he worn a slashed doublet and trunk hose of black velvet, he would have been the ideal of an Italian bandit. Young, erect, and tall, he was sparely built, and arrayed himself like a gentleman in the costume of the day. His appearance was that of a student. His visage was thin, his complexion olive-tinted and colorless, as if "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought". Black piercing eyes, finely cut features, dark hair and beard correctly trimmed, completed a *tout ensemble* that was strangely at variance with the aspect of the score of dissolute and dirty desperadoes that formed his command. These were generally degraded ruffians of the worst type, whose highest idea of elegance in personal appearance was to have their mustaches dyed a villainous metallic black, irrespec-

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tive of the consideration whether its native hue was red or brown. It is a noticeable fact that a dyed mustache stamps its wearer inevitably either as a pitiful snob or an irreclaimable scoundrel.

The conclusion of this article has had wide currency, which, in fact, it deserves:

He [the last of the Jayhawkers] continued his exploits for some months, but was finally driven to bay in one of the southern counties, and, attempting to let himself down the side of a precipitous ravine, was shot by a soldier from above, the ball entering under his arm and passing through his body. His temporary widow took his sacred clay to St. Joseph, where its place of interment is marked by a marble headstone bearing the usual memoranda, and concluding with the following:

“One hero less on earth,
One angel more in heaven!”

The unreliable character of grave-stone literature has been the theme of frequent comment, but unless this ostensible eulogy was intended as a petrified piece of jocularity and gratuitously inscribed by the sculptor, it may, perhaps, be justly considered the most liberal application of the maxim, “*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*”, to be found in any American cemetery.

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V.

Perhaps the best book-review ever published in Kansas was that written by Ingalls of *The Sons of the Border*, by James W. Steele, "Deane Monahan". Steele was a contemporary and one of the editors of the *Kansas Magazine*, and his book remains one of the most charming and useful volumes dealing with the Great Southwest. Here Ingalls became an iconoclast with profound contempt for the conventionalisms we call civilization:

Civilization is a veneer. The gentleman is a varnished savage. The haughty dame, the languishing belle, are lacquered squaws. The institutions of society are stucco upon an edifice of barbarism; plaster ornaments that continually peel and crumble, revealing through the rude windows of crime, disorder and violence, the rough frame-work of brutality and ruffianism. The unwritten life of every man is a continual protest against education, law, refinement, culture and obedience. Grudgingly and with reluctance we surrender that portion of our natural rights which constitutes our individual contribution to that fund of force which is called government.

Children are born barbarians. The struggle for life develops into an intense truculence, innocent

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because involuntary, and often attractive because accompanied by the splendid bloom of intelligence, but as relentless and careless of carnage as the contests of bull-dogs and wolves.

Habit accustoms us to many limitations, but there are seasons to all when the restraints of civilization seem intolerable: when the veneer and the varnish crack, and the unconquerable impulses of the underlying nature demand expression: when the daily paper, polished boots, tailor's garments, gauzy conversation, books, politics, intrigues, the routine of domestic life, seem detestable.

Some, unable to endure the restraint and unable to burst the bonds that confine them, live tragic lives and die tragic deaths: others resort to the temporary alleviations of whiskey and keno: others again seek relief in communion with nature's visible forms, touch the earth and return refreshed to the repulsive strife: many abandon the arena and vanish into the wilderness, sail the sea, climb mountains, penetrate forests, inhabit mining camps, and participate in the turbulent agitation of the frontier; exhausting the sad pain of existence in the superior stimulus of adventure, privation and random energy.

To those whom fate, timidity, avarice, weakness, or the dominion of passions, render escape from civilization impossible, the story of these

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wild lives absolved from the corrosion of care, with their happy exemption from fortune's fluctuations, brings an irresistible pathos, an undefinable regret, and a conviction that the refinements of culture are purchased at too high a price, and that we have bartered for civilization something better than it brings. Perhaps it may be a reminiscence distilled through ancestral brains, like the murmur in the shell, of the time when we were all children of nature, and wandered in her leafy solitudes and slept upon her grassy breast, untroubled with the griefs, the depressing diseases that afflict our waking hours, the dreams that murder sleep.

Perhaps it may be a conviction that it is better not to need a thing than to have it; that strength is better than shelter; that immortality is better than love; that insensibility to cold is better than fire; that health is better than the most skilful physician and the most seductive drugs; that life devoid of temptations is better than religion; that the frigate-bird, poised on tireless pens above the ocean at midnight, in the fury of the storm, a thousand leagues from shore, has a more enviable existence than that of the petted canary, in its gilded cage. The higher, the more refined the civilization, the more intense this protest becomes. It is stronger in the patrician than in the serf, but common to both, and to all grades between. The

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earliest forms of literature are but a transcript of the communion of man with nature; but as he rises from the earth and tempts the abyss, the troubled yearning seeks utterance in vague cries, finding its highest expression in the "Manfred" of Byron; its lowest in "Ned Buntline's Own", Sylvanus Cobb and the swarm of subterranean vermin that infest the basement-story of literature. The paroxysmal energy of American life, and the vast solitudes that stretch boundlessly away from the centers of its grandest activity, have developed under anomalous circumstances, both the evil and its remedy, and afforded peculiar scope for the exhibition of the sentiment to which we have alluded. Those writers, both in prose and poetry, have been most successful who have given voice to these vague emotions, and recalled man to the contemplation of the monotonous vastness of the prairies; the stupendous elevations of the mountains, in whose fastnesses are born the mysterious rivers that crawl from horizon to horizon, through their dull circumference of sand, and the strange, wandering, nomadic lives that seek in these melancholy wastes, refuge from themselves, the balm for unspoken grief, sure medicine for the diseased soul.

Thus he marshals the facts and analyzes the principles underlying the elegant literary struc-

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ture erected by Steele. Having done this with a skill rare indeed, Ingalls exhibits to us the means employed by the author in constructing his temple. No master ever declared more correct principles than those laid down in this review. No rhetorician ever gave clearer or more accurate directions for writing pure English, for none was ever better qualified to direct in that matter:

There is a vast difference between seeing a thing and being able to make others see it. The geographer can define boundaries, name streams, give the altitude of mountains and the number of inhabitants; the geologist can describe the rocks; the draughtsman can furnish outlines and lights and shadows; but beneath all these is that subtle something which defies analysis; which cannot be described or painted or defined; which individualizes every landscape, every person and every habit, and distinguishes it from all which it resembles; which makes a portrait different from a photograph, and a face different from both; which makes a mountain more than a catalogue of its physical traits; which for want of a better word is called “expression”, but which is really the reflex of the soul. To capture this evasive but omnipresent spirit and imprison it in words upon the printed page, in colors on the

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canvas, in tones upon the musical score, is the task of genius, in which success is partly the gift of nature, partly the work of art. It is not enough to reproduce the impressions made upon the eye or the ear: the vision must be introverted and depict the images cast through the senses upon the curtain in the darkened chamber of the brain. This, in an eminent degree, has been accomplished by Mr. Steele.

Of the excellent delineation made by Steele of the coyote Ingalls takes special notice, and he made it serve him as a figure of speech with which to give an old-time political enemy, Horton, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a left-handed compliment that was none the less blistering because brief and indirect:

For a cruel, merciless portraiture of a thievish, cowardly enigma in animalism, commend us to "Coyotes". It is as clear as a cameo. Literature is done with this varmint. Nothing more can be said about him. There is one human coyote at the present time in Kansas polities who could maintain libel on this monograph were it not for the constitutional provision allowing the truth to be given in evidence.

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VI.

OPPORTUNITY.

His Sonnet "Opportunity" is the chief stone, the "head of the corner", in the monument of literary fame builded by Ingalls. Indeed, alone, it would entitle him to immortal glory and renown.

In discussing it, the charge that he copied it from a similar effort by an Italian must be considered.

Dr. Nicoli Gigliotti, an inhabitant of Erie, Pa., set up claim to this poem, saying that he wrote the original of it in Italian in 1887, and published it in *La Sveglia* and *Mignon*, of Naples, Italy; in *Flora Mirabilis*, of Turin; and in *Le Conversazioni Della Domencia*, of Milan. He also claims to have published it in *La Giustizia*, Denver, Colorado. After the last publication he sent, so he says, a copy of his poem to Ingalls, together with a translation into English made by Martin Battle, a disciple of Henry George. Dr. Guiseppe Coloni, editor, furnished a certificate to the effect that he had published "Il Fato", the poem of Gigliotti, in *Flora Mirabilis*, in 1887.

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Dr. Gigliotti published three volumes of poems, but his "Il Fato" is not found in them. As a reason for this strange omission the learned doctor says that he was not satisfied with the form of the poem. If even this were true it is difficult to understand why he sent a copy of it to Ingalls. And it fails to appear that he was an acquaintance of Ingalls. To his most intimate friends Ingalls never spoke of an acquaintance by the name of Gigliotti. It is very improbable that he ever heard of the Italian poet.

The matter was the subject of much newspaper controversy, and the foregoing is written mainly from a statement of the case made by the *Kansas City Star* at the time.

The poem which the Italian claims to have published in 1887 is given:

IL FATO

Arbito io sono dell' uman destino,
Fama, grandezza, amor mi son vassalli,
Per campagne e citta folle cammino,
Batto a ogni porta, e corro nuovi calli.

Se in letargo, ti desto. Se nel vino
Le cure affoghi e ti son dolci i falli,
T'alza e mi segni. Il fato son. Meschino
Chi, non viene con me. Gli do cavalli,

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Gioie, grandezza, onor, donne e piacere.
Tutto gli obbedira men che la morte.
Vieni. Approfitta del mio buon volere.

Solo una volta io batto alle tue porte.
Io NON TI SEGUO—rispos' io—IL PENSIERE
Sol rendd l'uomo avventurato e forte!

The English translation which Dr. Gigliotti says he furnished Ingalls follows:

THE FATE.

Master I am of human destinies.
Fame, greatness, love are my servants.
Cities and fields Foolishly I walk.
I knock at every door but once, and I run to new pathways.

If sleeping, wake. If feasting
You try to kill your troubles with wine and sin:
Rise and follow me. I am the fate. Woe
To whom does not follow me. I give him [who does]
horses,

Gold, fame, honor, women and pleasure.,
He will conquer every foe save death.
Rise; hang to the opportunity which I offer to you.

I am revengeful. I knock unbidden but once at every door.
I stay here. "Leave me alone", I answered, "Thought
And thought alone makes every man happy and strong".

Ingalls was accused in the public prints unfriendly to him of plagiarism on another occasion. Senator Vest of Missouri and others interested in the justice or injustice of such a charge against

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a public man of brilliant parts gave the subject much attention. All acquitted Ingalls. They could detect no literary theft by comparison of the Ingalls production with the original from which his detractors alleged it was taken; and Senator Vest said so over his signature.

Now, the truth is, Ingalls never was guilty of plagiarism. If his compositions bore resemblance to the cast of another it arose from the fact that human expression is limited in form. Philosophic contemplation of the mysteries of our existence begets emotions which must reveal themselves along only certain lines. Similarities must often occur in productions of this nature.

Many of the friends of Senator Ingalls were perturbed when Dr. Gigliotti made his claim, some believing that the Italian had made his case — at least that Ingalls had seen the poem, “*Il Fato*”, before giving final form to his “Opportunity”. This did not imply that the brilliant sonnet was not the product of the genius of Ingalls, but only that the power of suggestion is sometimes sufficient to be responsible for the unintentional use of an alien expression for an idea in the most honest and original of men. Dr. Gigli-

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otti was of this opinion, and he distinctly says that he does not accuse Ingalls of plagiarism. For a time the writer held this to be the reason for the resemblance to be found in the two poems. But notes in reference to conversations had with Ingalls in 1884 when we were thrown much together in an exciting political campaign in Wyandotte County bring to memory that even at that time he had in mind the composition later expressed in elegant and perfect diction. He had reduced it to writing, but it is not recalled that it was in the form of verse—rather, that it was not. Doubtless many of his friends saw it as early as that, for opportunity was a favorite topic with him. Such a poem is not struck off at a sitting, but is the result of years of meditation and experience. The author remembers to have taken issue with the Senator as to the sentiments of his production. Mrs. Ingalls says he wrote it and re-wrote it for years before its publication over his signature in *Truth* in 1891. And this agrees with his known habit. He was, in literary work, ever over-cautious. This was shown in the preparation of his *Kansas Magazine* articles, which he re-wrote many times. His standard was

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the unattainable, and nothing was put forth as worth while until it was polished and perfect.

“Opportunity” is the only thing Ingalls produced in later life at all creditable or that posterity will care to save. And its conception belongs to his earlier days. Its development was his life’s experience misinterpreted. It was suggested to him by his fortunate and unexpected election to the United States Senate. But that was an event of consecration. It was his wife’s ambition for him—not primarily his ambition. His marriage was the turning-point in the life of Ingalls, and with him, as with most men happily married—who secure the highest blessing and greatest treasure in matrimony—the poetical effusion celebrating that event would have to bear the title of “Importunity”.

Of all men of his time Ingalls turned his back on Opportunity oftenest. She hung desperately on his neck and entreated him with tears many times, but he did not rise before she turned away. It is not, however, the province of this paper to indicate the occasions.

As a literary production, nothing in the English language surpasses “Opportunity”. It will live

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as long as man is charmed with the beautiful in any form. It is a diamond of purest water perfectly cut:

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake: if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

The sentiment of this poem is not universally accepted. Efforts to controvert its teaching were early made. None of them compare with it in genius of conception or skill of construction. Some of these responses are here shown:

OPPORTUNITY.

By Walter Malone.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win,

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Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Tho' deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be a man again.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's page as white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

OPPORTUNITY

By F. O'Neill Gallagher.

One searched the town and country through,
In winter's snows and summer's heat,
Nor was there any path but knew
The pacings of his weary feet.
He watched through the lingering night
With lamp well-filled and door ajar,
And listened lest some footfall light
Should hint the freakish god afar.

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The god came not. But there was one
Who recked not of the flitting days,
Nor any thought of deeds undone
Disturbed the tenor of his ways.
He toiled not, sought no goodly prize;
E'en as he slept the god came there
And poured before his dream-dimmed eyes
His store of treasure, rich and fair.

OPPORTUNITY

By Edward Rowland Sill.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A Prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
The blue blade that the King's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away, and left the field.
Then came the King's son, wounded and sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

As compared to the poem of Ingalls these fall
to the place of the glow of the firefly at midnight
when compared to the sun in the splendor of

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noonday. As to the sentiment of the one and that of the others — aye, there's the rub! As to these sentiments no agreement or determination can ever be made. The difference is that between fatalism and hope.

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I.

It is not the design to present here any connected or complete record of the political career of Ingalls. Instances will be adduced showing him in those crises of his course best exhibiting his powers and his eccentricities.

Ingalls sought political preferment from his arrival in Kansas. His object at first was nothing more than to provide means for a very modest and economic subsistence.

He was engrossing clerk of the Territorial Council in 1859. The same year he was elected a member of the convention which formed the present state constitution. In 1860 he was again clerk of the Council; also in 1861. He was a member and secretary of the Republican convention which met at Lawrence in 1860 to select delegates to the National Republican convention at Chicago. In 1861 he was secretary of the State Senate, and in November of that year was elected from Atchison County to fill a vacancy in that body. September 17, 1862, he was defeated

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in the Republican convention by Thomas A. Osborn for Lieutenant Governor; and on the 29th, was nominated for that place by the "Union" or bolting faction of the Republican party, combined with Democrats. In the election he was defeated, the vote being 9,023 for Osborn, and 5,685 for Ingalls. He was associated with this faction until the close of the Civil War, being defeated for Lieutenant Governor a second time, in 1864, by James McGrew, of Wyandotte County, the vote being, for McGrew 12,064; for Ingalls 8,493. The "Union" faction charged, perhaps very justly, corruption in the regular Republican organization, and demanded reforms doubtless much needed. The "Unionists" gave full sanction and support to the National Administration in the effort to end the war, charges to the contrary notwithstanding. In 1864 Ingalls was made a member of the staff of Major-General George W. Deitzler, Kansas State Militia, with the rank of Major, and served through the two-weeks campaign to drive General Price out of Missouri and Kansas. He was assigned the duties of Judge Advocate during his brief military service.

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II.

The influence of Mrs. Ingalls on the political fortunes of her husband has been already referred to. In compliance with her wishes and judgment he became a candidate for United States Senator in 1872. The term of Senator Pomeroy was nearing its close, and a successor was to be chosen by the Legislature which assembled in January, 1873. Pomeroy was a candidate to succeed himself, and but for one of those unexpected and entirely unforeseen occurrences incident to corrupt politics would have been re-elected.

All through the preliminary period of his campaign Ingalls was of the opinion that Pomeroy could not be defeated. Not so with Mrs. Ingalls. A woman will undertake the most desperate enterprises with sanguine composure and faith in final triumph. The peculiar quality of her mentality called intuition enables her to detect coming events which men declare impossible and the expectation of which preposterous. Mrs. Ingalls was confident of her husband's success, although she was wholly unable to give any satisfactory reason for her faith.

Among the supporters of Ingalls there was

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a shrewd man of affairs who kept his own counsel. He knew that Pomeroy ought to be beaten, and he also knew that, pursuing ordinary political methods, the opposition could not defeat him. He alone conceived the plot and laid the snare which accomplished the downfall of Pomeroy. York acted entirely under his directions, and well did he play the part assigned him. Genius often consists of the ability to select suitable subordinates. Every step in the destruction of Pomeroy was planned with cool deliberation and executed with grim and relentless determination. Neither Ingalls nor the supporters of his aspirations knew the origin of the catastrophe that crushed Pomeroy, and they, one and all, were as completely surprised at his spectacular annihilation as was "Old Beans" himself. York did not know what he was doing, and never dreamed that his action was to elect Ingalls.

Perhaps there never was a more profound sensation in any deliberative body than that produced in the Kansas Legislature when York, pale and trembling, placed on the Speaker's table \$7,000 which he said Senator Pomeroy had paid over to him on the bargain for his vote. Not that

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it was held improbable, for no doubt many others present were in possession of similar or larger sums procured in the same way. In a majority of the elections for United States Senator the successful candidate wins by bribery, direct or indirect—often by both in their most vile and degrading forms.

The consternation and dismay created by the dramatic course of York resulted largely from the knowledge of Pomeroy's most ardent supporters that he and themselves were guilty. Had they not been, they would have risen to denounce as a political trick his tragic story. Had they done so, and had Pomeroy appeared then before the Assembly in magnificent wrath at the outrage upon his honor, he might even then have prevailed. But only few men have such audacity.

Chaos had come. The old regime had ended in an explosion entirely unexpected. There existed no body or faction with even an adequate preliminary organization to take its place. Kansas politicians were dazed and at sea, and that is saying much, for no politicians in the world are more crafty, unprincipled, harder to daze and put at sea, brazen, or eager for the corrupting

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carrion of graft and spoils than is the average Kansas politician. Ingalls had just previously published his *Kansas Magazine* articles. They stamped him a genius. Their subject-matter appealed to Kansas, for the old animosity towards Missouri was not yet quenched. In the demoralization prevailing he kept his head, said little, and stood immovable and aloof from hastily-formed cliques which were no sooner formed than they dissolved into thin air, and steadily gained ground. Sentiment for his election grew from the close of York's speech, and within thirty minutes it crystallized, consolidated, became an aggressive demand, and his success was assured. Men voted for him because they had read "Catfish Aristocracy", and some had no other reason. His election was practically unanimous.

III.

At the end of his term Ingalls was a candidate for re-election. The Legislature to choose his successor was elected in 1878. Strong opposition to Ingalls developed, and his election was secured with difficulty, but he finally prevailed. Charges of bribery and corruption were preferred

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against him, and the whole matter was transferred to the United States Senate for adjudication. There the charges fell to the ground. They had grown largely from personal hatred and old political feuds, and that principle in Kansas polities that no man shall be allowed to hold a place if he can be defeated, no matter what his worth to the State or Nation. The famous interview in which Ingalls said the purification of politics was an iridescent dream was a plain statement of fact about the conditions in Kansas applied to the polities of the country at large.

The victory of Ingalls was complete, and in the exultation consequent upon his vindication he came home and delivered the most remarkable speech ever heard on Kansas soil. Its delivery was set for a certain day, and extensive arrangements were made to have a large attendance. Special trains from various points carried thousands to Atchison. Flambeau Clubs marched by the light of red fire, and "Glee Clubs" and "Modocs" sang like larks. The streets were congested with the throngs that gathered. All these, however, were trifling incidents. The main event was the speech of Ingalls. It was known that

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he intended to flay his adversaries, and nothing gives the true Kansan more pleasure than to see a political adversary dissected alive. In Kansas, politics are always and altogether personal matters. Principle is rarely involved. Blind adherence to national party platitudes is the only guiding-star, in most instances, of the factions of all political parties. And these weak utterances are interpreted by each fellow and his faction to suit their own interests, the bosses swearing that they alone can properly construe them, and the boss-busters swearing by the Great Horn Spoon that the bosses are grafters, robbers and traitors. In this they are usually nearly right, the only delinquency being their failure to include themselves in the same category, which is always remedied by the retaliating bosses. These conditions have always prevailed in Kansas, and this is why Kansas politics have always been rotten and corrupt, and why they have always borne a spectacular aspect.

In this address to his constituency Ingalls had designed to speak from a manuscript which he had prepared with care. But the great demonstration in his honor carried him off his feet.

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In no other place in the world is the “band wagon” in such demand as in Kansas politics. In the hosts passing in review before Ingalls were hundreds of obscure and forsworn culprits who burrowed like rats in filth to effect his defeat, but now hilariously demonstrative in their allegiance, each detailing how he had labored diligently in season and out of season for the election of the man in whose interest they were assembled and how he had aided in the downfall of the base calumniators, thieves and traitors, as he was pleased to denominate his former friends and co-workers,— because they had failed.

Ingalls threw his set speech to the winds and became the incarnation of burning, corroding, blistering sarcasm and scathing denunciation. The scimitar of his wrath glittered and flashed and his foes fell—many never to rise again politically in Kansas. Only the manuscript speech survives. It bears no more resemblance to the one delivered than does the baleful light of a tallow candle to the lightning-flash that illuminates the midnight heavens. But the best that can be done is to set it out here:

There are probably one million people in Kan-

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sas. I should be unjust to the bravest, noblest and most intelligent constituency that ever honored a public servant with their confidence, if I did not avail myself of the earliest opportunity afforded me to declare, with emphasis, my belief that there cannot be found one hundred reputable citizens of the state, black or white, Democrats or Republicans, male or female, who have credited the accusations, or certainly sympathized with the nefarious proceedings against me. Those who have prosecuted the charges and contributed the thousands of dollars required to carry on the conspiracy are less than a score. I know them all from the poor catspaws, Eggers and Stumbaugh, down through Martin, Cross, Leland and Martindale, to Horton, Guthrie, Pomeroy and Clarke.

The majority of those who opposed my election acquiesced in the result. Many who were borne along by the cyclone of malice, hatred and perfidy that raged against me, regretted their action, and would have recalled it if possible. The courage, the conscience, the convictions of the people irrespective of the party, were with me from the outset. The Republican press had always been largely in favor of my return to the Senate, and the more reputable organs of the Democracy preferred me to any of my rivals. Arrayed against me from the beginning have been

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the degraded elements in our politics, the debris, the outcasts, the machine men, the implacables; reinforced by two pretended newspapers in Missouri; one edited in his brief and casual intervals of sobriety by a drunken political tramp from Kansas; the other by a long-haired hermaphrodite, who has as much idea of decent journalism as the scarlet woman of Babylon would have of the immaculate conception.

These are the creatures that have revolted at the immoralities of my campaign; the insects that have buzzed, and bit and stung. They are the vermin of polities; like the noxious parasites that prey on the human frame. I have seen it intimated in some quarters that I had returned to Kansas on a mission of vengeance and retribution. Sensible men never get angry with flies and mosquitoes. The only emotions that animate me are those which inspire the affectionate mother, who, having found in the tresses of her offspring the *pediculus humanus*, cracks it on her thumb-nail, or the prudent husbandman who sifts Paris green on the Colorado beetles and squash bugs that infest his vines, or the vigilant housewife who pursues that enemy of repose, the *cimex lectularius*, into the crevices of the couch with corrosive sublimate and a feather!

The character of a cause may be judged and measured by the character of its advocates. To

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conduct this moral movement these apostles of purity selected W. C. Webb, who resigned his seat in the Wisconsin Legislature to escape expulsion for forgery and peculation; S. A. Riggs, who left the office of U. S. District Attorney under charges of fraud and incapacity; and F. S. Stumbaugh, a recent resident of Chambersburg, Pa., whose character for truth and veracity was successfully impeached in September last in a law-suit in that city, many of his neighbors swearing that they would not believe him under oath, in a community where he had resided for thirty years. Had the bar of the state been polled, three men more highly qualified by nature and education for the filthy task could not have been discovered. Their stupidity, ill temper, ignorance and incompetence were monumental. Their capacity for blundering was superhuman. For their dull mismanagement, for the discredit they brought upon themselves and their cause by the want of courtesy and of the knowledge of the time and place, I owe them a debt of gratitude which it gives me sincere pleasure in this public manner to acknowledge.

The title by which I hold my seat in the Senate of the United States has been five times vindicated. In the last popular election, the only question before the people was who should be my successor. It was discussed in the newspapers, on

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the stump, in the school-houses, at the cross-roads, by every fireside in Kansas. There is not a candid man in the state who does not know that three-fourths of the Republican members elected to that Legislature were originally favorable to my return. Long before the final ballot, I had received a majority of the votes of the Republicans in both houses of the Legislature, and under the common law of polities was thus entitled to the unanimous support of my party. Seeing that my election was inevitable unless my forces could be broken, my adversaries, who had been for years attempting to saturate the public mind with the most infamous and odious calumnies, suddenly let loose a tempest of furious defamation, under cover of which, by threats, promises, and purchases, they formed the most formidable coalition ever known in Kansas politics. No such adulterous alliance was ever made before. Ex-Senators and members of Congress, Marshals and ex-Marshals, the Chairman of the Central Committee, the Speaker of the House, veterans and raw recruits, disappointed aspirants for office, inveterate enemies of twenty-one years' standing, Republicans, Democrats and Greenbackers, all assembled under the leadership of the venerable and saintly Pomeroy in one heroic struggle of devoted self-abnegation to redeem and regenerate the state.

They selected as their facile instrument the

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Chief Justice of the State, a man who began his political career by writing editorials in favor secession and drinking toasts to the health of Jefferson Davis. Persuaded to become a Republican by the promise of preferment, he has been continuously in office with an accidental hiatus of one year from 1860 to 1880. During this long period he has habitually trafficked in justice, defrauded his clients, basely plundered his partner, and insulted society by his degraded and flagrant immorality. He has never made a promise he did not break nor had a friend whom he was not willing to betray.

In this political judge these frenzied conspirators found a willing accomplice.

Feebly protesting that he was not a candidate, though every one knew that for five years he had trodden every devious path that led toward the Capitol, that he took his seat on the bench merely as a steppingstone to the Senate, he descended into the mire of personal politics, accepting the nomination in a calumnious speech, and then attempted to secure success by the open purchase of votes. Much has been said about the purity of the ermine. That traditional fur was never dragged through a fouler puddle. The very seat on the bench that was to be vacated was promised to two anxious aspirants, and the entire political wardrobe of the state was divided in anticipation

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of my defeat, like the apparel of Joseph among his brethren. My election was the triumph of decency over disorder. It was a victory of the people over the machine politicians. It was achieved against tremendous odds and in the face of obstacles almost insurmountable. It ought to have ended there, but the discomfiture of the opposition was too complete, and their baffled rage found vent in an investigation before a Committee of the Legislature, which was packed by a perjured Speaker, for the purpose of convicting me.

This so-called investigation was a flagrant burlesque of justice, a prodigy of partisan unfairness. The hostile tribunal, organized to find me guilty, sat for weeks with closed doors, without attorneys or spectators, no witness knowing what had been testified, without notice to those whose rights and reputations were thus brutally assailed, and finally exonerated me in a majority report which was adopted by the Legislature. The Chairman of the Committee, a weak but not wicked man, who has been rewarded for his violation of his promise to vote for me by the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court, revolted at the injustice that he had been selected to do.

Thus, having been endorsed by the people, elected by the Legislature, and vindicated by the Committee, I had reasonable ground to anticipate immunity from annoyance.

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Had the United States Senate been Republican, no further effort against me would have been made. But the Senate was Democratic, and as I was a John Brown, bloody shirt, stalwart, anti-administration Republican, these shallow Memorialists reasoned that the Democrats would eagerly snatch at any opportunity to destroy me. Extracts from my speeches at Osawatomie and elsewhere were reprinted and sent to Democratic Senators, and Eggers and Stumbaugh, like a couple of Scarabaei trundled their feculent orb of ordure, with its egg of malice, along the dusty highways to Washington.

I have on occasion hitherto criticised the Democracy with candor. I shall do so without reserve hereafter. But I shall never forget that they dealt fairly with me; and that they refused to become allies of my enemies; that they were incapable of personal injustice for the sake of real or fancied political advantage.

When the evidence taken by the Legislative Committee, with the Memorial asking for further investigation, was laid before the Senate and referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections they refused to entertain it, holding that the decision of the Legislature was satisfactory, in the absence of additional allegations.

Whereupon was filed a supplemental Memorial alleging that ten members of the Legislature,

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naming them, had been induced to vote for me by corrupt payments of money or promises of office. The investigation was then ordered, and a sub-Committee of five assembled at Topeka in September and sat three weeks, taking several hundred pages of printed testimony.

When the sub-Committee convened, the Memorialists promptly withdrew the charges against seven of the gentlemen named in the second Memorial, and offered nothing but vulgar gossip and rumor about the other three. This supplemental Memorial was a deliberate fraud and imposition on the Senate, entirely without evidence to support it, known to be false by the parties who signed it, fabricated for the sole purpose of procuring an investigation that would not otherwise have been ordered. It was a foul and cruel calumny against ten eminent citizens of high character, and the creatures who made it, by the subsequent withdrawal of its statements, stand before the world as self-convicted libelers, slanderers and liars.

During the pendency of these proceedings I have invited the widest and minutest scrutiny. No objections to evidence have been interposed, however frivolous and incompetent and irrelevant it might be. I visited New York and personally importuned the President of the Telegraph Company to produce all messages without hesitation or

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delay. The books and vaults of the banks have been opened for inspection, and private correspondence has been freely disclosed.

Conscious of rectitude, and confiding in the justice of the lofty tribunal before which I was arraigned, I stood silent amid calumnious clamors. Preferring that the decision should not be biased by personal considerations, I made no statement and gave no testimony before the Committee in refutation of the idle inuendoes that were dignified by the name of evidence. I attended strictly to my public duties, asking no quarter, ready to meet every accusation, exhibiting no hesitation, concealing nothing, shielding myself behind no technicalities nor presumptions.

The conduct of the prosecution was inconceivably brutal and cowardly. Not content with the opportunity afforded them to defeat me before the people in the canvass of 1878, before the Legislature that elected me, before the Investigating Committee of the House at Topeka, before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and before the Senate, they habitually resorted to the industrious circulation of newspaper calumnies, the invention of slanders and lies, to prejudice my character and standing before the Committee and the Senate. One of the counsel for the Memorialists prepared and published a pamphlet, purporting to be a statement of the evidence in the "Ingalls

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Case" taken before the sub-Committee at Topeka, which was forwarded, while the case was still pending and undecided, to every member of the Committee and to each Senator and Representative in Congress, the President and each Cabinet Officer, and to all the leading newspapers of the country! Comment is unnecessary. A lawyer who in the trial of a hog case before a country justice, would resort to such attempts to influence the magistrate or the jury, would justly be regarded as having poor judgment, a bad case, and a character worse than either.

And since the proceedings have ended, the Honorable Member of Congress from this District has been sending bushels of the scurrilous "brief" of the Memorialists to Kansas under his frank, in direct violation of the laws of Congress, and defrauding the revenues of the Postoffice Department of two cents upon each copy. They are not public documents, they are not published by authority of Congress. They were printed at the expense of the Memorialists.

Like all apostates who abandon religion for polities, this eminent Representative is another illustration of the fact that because a man is a poor preacher he is not necessarily a great statesman. Garbage must be removed, but it is not often that a man can be found to act as scavenger. I commend to the reverend gentleman the contempla-

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tion of the text that will be found in the 22d verse of the Second Chapter of the Second Epistle general of Peter. [But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.]

But at last after many weary months, after my conduct had been scrutinized with the telescope and the microscope, the investigation that had been so eagerly coveted came to its close. It was another illustration of the "Knavish engineer hoist by his own petard". It was like the gun of Hudibras which

"Aimed at duck or plover,
Recoils and kicks its owner over".

It was a weapon that hit everybody but the man it was fired at; a boomerang that returned and slew the hurler.

All the principal candidates against me felt called upon to offer themselves as witnesses to explain their behavior and clear themselves of criminal complicity and bribery and overthrow. After hearing all the evidence the Committee unanimously decided without a dissenting opinion that the charges and allegations against me were not sustained, and they were discharged from further consideration of the subject. . . .

The magnificent demonstration of this day has been wholly unexpected to me, and on that ac-

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count, perhaps, the more gratifying, especially as I am led to believe that it emanates spontaneously, without respect to party, from the people of Kansas, as a manifestation of the approbation and good will of this grand Commonwealth for which I have so long labored and where so many years of my life have been spent. It would be hollow affectation were I to deny that I have been profoundly moved by what I have seen and heard to-day; by the great multitudes that have thronged the streets; by the enthusiasm; the triumphant music; the transitory splendor of rockets and torches; the acclamation that has rent the sky.

I am not unconscious that this pageant means vastly more than a mere personal tribute to me. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon instinct of justice and fair play. It is a protest against brutal, cowardly and malignant detraction. It is a rebuke to a most perfidious and detestable plot conceived by a wretched cabal of implacable enemies, who having failed to defeat, conspired to destroy, and who were willing in order to accomplish their sinister designs to degrade their party and defile and dishonor their state. I have endured much, but life is full of compensations, and the occurrences of this day convince me that I can confidently accept the verdict of the people for my final and triumphant vindication.

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IV.

The uncomplimentary reference to the investigation of his election by Senator Voorhees brought upon him the full measure of the wrath of Ingalls. The Hoosier was vanquished at every point and was led out of the Senate Chamber like a whipped lion wounded in every muscle. And politically he never recovered. The press account of the affair was as follows:

Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, was not in his seat to-day. It was reported that he was confined to his room by an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. Ingalls, however, was in the Vice-president's chair bright and early, and throughout the entire session he presided over the deliberations of the Senate with his usual gravity and grace. The Ingalls-Voorhees encounter of yesterday in the Senate was the sensation of the hour to-day. It was discussed by statesmen and pseudo-statesmen in the halls and corridors of the Capitol and by the great public in the streets and in the lobbies of the hotels. Democrats and Republicans universally agreed that the Indiana Senator had been badly worsted; in fact that Mr. Ingalls had literally mopped up the earth with Mr. Voorhees.

Eugene F. Ware, the Paint Creek poet, of Fort Scott, Kansas, expressed it in the following verse

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which he telegraphed to Senator Ingalls this morning:

Cyclone dense,
Lurid air;
Wabash hair,
Hide on fence.

The shrewdness of Mr. Ingalls' plan of attack is universally complimented. His speech, which began at two o'clock and closed at four, was brilliant, able and pointed, but it was mild as compared with the second edition. His grape and cannister was in reserve, and Mr. Voorhees didn't expect it. The Kansas orator had carefully prepared himself with the documentary evidence against the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, and he was thrice armed with the language necessary to rhetorically skin him alive. When at four o'clock Mr. Ingalls had concluded his set speech, Mr. Voorhees blandly supposed that the ammunition was all gone and that he would proceed to thrash his unarmed adversary. He entered upon his excoriation of Mr. Ingalls in apparent glee. He felt that it would be an easy task to demoralize the Kansas Senator and put him utterly to rout. He became sarcastic and then tried to be funny. He wept for McClellan and Hancock, and his sympathetic nature even went out to the man he was about to slay.

The opportunity which Mr. Ingalls anticipated

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came, and he interrupted Mr. Voorhees with a question which disturbed his equanimity, then annoyed him, then angered him, then enraged him. He plunged about in his madness until he clumsily fell into the pit Ingalls had warily prepared for him, and from that moment he was at the mercy of the Kansan. Mr. Voorhees lost his temper, and Mr. Ingalls' remarkable coolness and smiling serenity only exasperated him the more. He was defiant at first, and it was only when Mr. Ingalls began reading the rebel letter which Voorhees believed until that moment was out of existence and forever beyond recall, that Mr. Voorhees cowered. At the first sentence he whitened with the startling knowldge that after a quarter of a century his sins of treason had found him out, and when the letter was finished the Hoosier was white and trembling. From that moment all he could do was to shout "liar" and "dirty dog", and abuse and villify everything and everybody concerned.

It was dramatic to the end, and Mr. Voorhees left the Senate chamber more thoroughly whipped than ever before in his life. To-day he was conspicuous for his absence, and it is reported that he will remain away for some days. Democratic Senators say he ought to have kept his mouth shut when Ingalls closed his speech at four o'clock, but he didn't. They are therefore not

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very regretful that he got the drubbing he courted.

To-day Senator Ingalls was the recipient of congratulatory telegrams from every quarter of the Union. All of them were complimentary, many of them unique. The Governors of no less than a dozen Republican states sent their congratulations, and complimentary telegrams came even from Indiana. Kansas was evidently overjoyed by the victory of her senior Senator, for there were telegrams patriotic, enthusiastic, and full of all the eloquence the wires could transmit from every portion of the Sunflower State.

It was more a passage at arms than a speech. The scene in the Senate and the words of the controversy are preserved in the *Congressional Record*, from which the following is quoted:

MR. VOORHEES. Now, if the Senator from Kansas can find any adjutant-general's report of the State of Kansas where his name ever appeared as a warrior, even in the diluted and dilapidated form of judge-advocate [laughter], I will let up on him. I say here that the American Army has but three names of Ingalls in it. Rufus Ingalls, and I speak his name with honor, the old Quartermaster-General, the old reliable friend of Grant, was one Ingalls. There was another Ingalls, who commanded a regiment from New York, and when

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we go out towards Kansas there was another Ingalls, by the name of Pearl P. Ingalls, who was chaplain of an Iowa regiment. I will ask the Senator from Iowa about him. He prayed and preached. That is the nearest that the name of Ingalls is found in the United States Army in the records of the War Department. Being pious, perhaps he was a cousin of the Senator, but I do not know how that may be. There was none other.

All this, Mr. President, is not much to the American people. The Senator from Kansas and myself know how little it counts, and all that justifies me in bringing it forward is that that Senator on such a slender foundation sees fit to appear as the censor of George B. McClellan and General Hancock.

I ask him if I am not fair in presenting the reasons why somebody else ought to discuss the military aspects of this question besides him. He may say that somebody ought besides me. I will answer, yes, but, sir, I will say that he has no greater claims than I; and here, once for all, whatever shortcomings I may have had, I will stand with him on a popular vote before the soldiers of Indiana or the soldiers of Kansas, and leave this body if I am not approved by them over him. If that is arrogance, it is justified by the provocation.

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The Senator from Kansas has alluded to General Hancock's celebrated Order No. 40, issued while he was at New Orleans, issued in the blazing spirit of civil liberty, the supremacy of civil government over the military. It spoke the voice of the fathers and rang out over the country as a bugle-call back to the foundations of the Government. The Senator saw fit to denounce it. I have simply to answer in response that the Supreme Court of the United States, composed of men of the Senator's own political persuasion, construed that order to be constitutional and founded upon the eternal principles of liberty.

Mr. President, I have occupied the floor as long as I designed to do so. I spoke, as I said, a week ago for the truth of history, and here in my heart I reassert and reaffirm what I then said. I am willing that the figures in regard to pensions be summed up as between those stated by the Senator from Kansas and myself. I will not open that question and go into detail now. As to the history of the South and the history of reconstruction, I stated the true scenes through which I lived, through which I passed, and which I know. I know that the Republican party in its dominancy and supremacy spoliated the South of over \$200,000,000, broke in dishonor her civil governments, and but for the fact that she is composed of a people born of self-reliance, born to

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civilization and the higher arts and walks of life, they would have been destroyed from the earth.

In addition to what I said last week I will say here now that the annals of mankind furnish no other instance where the system of labor, social organization was torn up and turned upside down, slaves set free (which I was glad of), where society held together as it did in the South. You may attack, you may denounce, you may make war on such a people, but the end is their triumph and your defeat. [Applause in the galleries.]

MR. INGALLS. It is not my purpose, Mr. President, to prolong the debate. I regret exceedingly that the Senator from Indiana has thought best to refer to personal matters in connection with my history, to which I do not propose now to advert. My military service was inconspicuous and obscure, and no one is more conscious than I am of the debt that I owe my country, and of the unpaid obligation of gratitude which I am under to those who did what I might under other circumstances have done.

But inasmuch as the Senator from Indiana has seen fit to invite comparison between his record, his history, and his relation and mine to the great questions that have for the past twenty-five years attracted the attention of the country, I feel it to be my duty, in the defense of the truth of

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history, to put on the record the information in my possession, and I have it in shape I think that he will not deny. I shall refer only to public matters in public records, and I shall venture the affirmation that whatever may have been my own relation to the great struggle between the North and the South, and for constitutional liberty, the Senator from Indiana was from the outset the determined, outspoken, positive, aggressive, and malignant enemy of the Union cause.

MR. VOORHEES. I pronounce that deliberately false.

MR. INGALLS. Well—

MR. VOORHEES. It is absolutely false. I voted for every dollar that was paid to the soldier, for every suit of clothes he wore, and for every pension that he has ever had, and for every land warrant. A proper statement—

MR. INGALLS. I did not interrupt the Senator from Indiana. The Senator from Indiana took seven weeks to reply to my speech of March 6. He came in here with a pile of manuscript bigger than a Hebrew Talmud — sweltering venom sleeping got. I can excuse unpremeditated assaults.

There is something in chance medley and hot foot that is excusable, but the deliberate, premeditated preparation of malignant, unfounded attack is to my mind entirely incompatible with a noble nature. When the Senator from Indiana

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sat down in the privacy of his closet and called me a Thersites and referred to me as a "judge-advocate", peevish and paltry politician, as one who, like Job's war-horse, had smelt the battle afar off, if he thinks that is not a personal assault, or if that is his idea of the observance of the comity that ought to prevail among gentlemen, well and good.

My relations with the Senator from Indiana for many years have been those of cordiality and friendship, and never was I more surprised than when my attention was called to the vindictive, unfounded, malevolent, and unjustifiable aspersions with which he assailed me in manuscript. I could have borne it if an enemy had done it, but it was, as the Psalmist said, "my own familiar friend". I was unconscious of ever having uttered a word in derogation of the Senator from Indiana. We have agreed on many questions, and in the supreme crisis of my fortunes to which he has referred, unjustifiably referred, referred to me as having been "whitewashed", I had his avowed and express sympathy; and when I escaped from the conspirators who had followed me from the State Capitol to the doors of this Senate Chamber the Senator from Indiana was the very first man to write me a note of congratulation and sympathy.

Yet he comes in here to-day and says: "Thank

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God, he never had been followed here by a committee that questioned his right to his title to his seat", and with much diffuseness of illustration, for the purpose of casting aspersion and belittling and humiliating me in the eyes of the American people, when I had only referred to his public utterances given in debate, his speeches, which he did not deny.

MR. VOORHEES. I did.

MR. INGALLS. The Senator from Indiana did not deny the veracity of the publication that I read.

MR. VOORHEES. I did.

MR. INGALLS. He could not do so. It was a *verbatim* stenographic report, and was certified to by the man who made it.

MR. VOORHEES. I do not want to interrupt the Senator —

MR. INGALLS. Yes; I shall be very glad to hear the Senator, because I would not do him an injustice.

MR. VOORHEES. I say that not a word or syllable read by the Senator is true, or believed to be true in Indiana. I have met those accusations and trampled them under foot. I would say further that the Senator's insinuation that I was ever a member of the secret society of the Knights of the Golden Circle is so base and infamously false that I do not know how to choose language

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to denounce it. I am not so held in my own State. [Applause in the galleries.]

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair will remind the persons in the galleries that they are here by the courtesy of the Senate and are its guests. They have been reminded more than once that the rules of the Senate do not allow any manifestations of satisfaction with or disagreement to what is said in the Senate; and while it would be a harsh measure, as has been suggested, and it would be much regretted, to clear the galleries, if it is necessary for the purpose of enforcing the rules of the Senate it will have to be done.

MR. INGALLS. The Senator from Indiana has just said that he was in favor of the destruction of slavery and that he was opposed to secession, and yet in the published volume of his own speeches there is a reprint of an address delivered by him in Virginia shortly before the war in which he advocates both.

MR. VOORHEES. Now, will the Senator pardon me a moment?

MR. INGALLS. Certainly.

MR. VOORHEES. I will be perfectly candid. I did not say that I was in favor of the destruction of slavery in connection with the war, but I did say I was glad that it took place. Now, make the most of that.

MR. INGALLS. I will say further than that, that

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the Senator from Indiana at the time when he delivered that speech had two editions of it prepared, one of them for circulation in the North and one in the South.

MR. VOORHEES. That is not true.

MR. INGALLS. Not true! Why, they are accessible to-day, just as much so—

MR. VOORHEES. Get them and show them.

MR. INGALLS. They are just as accessible as the Statutes of the United States.

MR. VOORHEES. Get them and show them. I say it is not true. I have met that on the stump. I have heard campaign falsifiers before.

MR. INGALLS. The Senator pleases to call these campaign rumors because he has heard them for the last fifteen years, and therefore they are not true.

In 1860, after the Senators from South Carolina had withdrawn from this Chamber, and when preparations for war were rife all over the South, and everybody knew that secession was to be, so far as the South could make it, an accomplished fact, the Senator from Indiana wrote a letter, which I shall read. Perhaps he will deny that. It is a letter to Mr. Francis A. Shoup, that he took South with him and filed in the Confederate war department in support of his own application for appointment as a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. The man who received it was

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appointed a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and he is now an ecclesiastic in Alabama or somewhere in one of the Southern States. I will read what the Senator from Indiana wrote. Anybody can see it, and anybody who knows his handwriting can identify it. This is the letter:

Indianapolis, Ind., December 12, 1860.

My friend, Capt. Francis A. Shoup, is about visiting the South with his sister, on account of her health.

I have known Captain Shoup since our boyhood; we were schoolmates. He is a graduate of West Point, and was in the Army as a lieutenant four years. No more honorable or upright gentleman exists. On the disturbing questions of the day his sentiments are entirely with the South, and one of his objects is a probable home in that section.

I take this occasion to say that his sentiments and my own are in close harmony,

D. W. Voorhees.

I suppose the Senator will say that that is a campaign slander, the vile calumny of the opposition press.

MR. VOORHEES. Mr. President, that is not a campaign slander, but it is —

MR. INGALLS. He has trodden it under foot and spat on it.

MR. VOORHEES. Will the Senator pardon me a moment?

MR. INGALLS. Certainly.

MR. VOORHEES. I say it is not a campaign

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slander, but it is one of those things the people of Indiana have passed on for now nearly thirty years.

MR. INGALLS. The Democratic party of Indiana have passed upon it, I dare say. [Laughter.]

MR. VOORHEES. They have passed upon it by a very large majority and no —

MR. INGALLS. Oh, I know the Knights of the Golden Circle have passed upon it.

MR. VOORHEES. No colporteur or missionary from Kansas can give it any more respectability than the fellows in Indiana have heretofore. I have disposed of them. There was no war when the letter was written; there was not for nearly a year afterwards.

MR. INGALLS. Sumter fell ninety days afterwards.

MR. VOORHEES. No, it did not.

MR. INGALLS. Let me look at the date.

MR. VOORHEES. In December.

MR. INGALLS. December 12, 1860. When did Sumter fall?

MR. VOORHEES. In April.

MR. INGALLS. In April, 1861?

MR. VOORHEES. Yes.

MR. INGALLS. December, January, February, March — four months afterwards.

MR. VOORHEES. Yes; inaccuracy is written on your face.

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MR. INGALLS. Within four months from the time the letter was written Sumter had fallen, and yet the Senator from Indiana says:

I take this occasion to say that his sentiments and my own are in close harmony.

That is something I suppose that the Senator regards as the vile expectorations of a partisan press. He spits on it and treads it underfoot and kicks it out of sight. I will say to the Senator from Indiana that that paper was very important and influential in securing Mr. Shoup the appointment of brigadier-general in the Confederate army. When the archives of that government were captured it was sent here to the War Department, and the original is on file to-day.

Jesse D. Bright, from Indiana, was expelled for as small an offense as that from this body, yet the Senator from Indiana ventures to criticise my military record and my right to speak of the relations of George B. McClellan and Hancock to the Democratic party. The Senator from Indiana says that the accusation that he called Union soldiers hirelings and Lincoln dogs, that he said they ought to go to the nearest blacksmith shop and have a collar welded around their necks on which should be inscribed, "My dog. A. Lincoln", is a campaign calumny and slander which

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has been spat on and kicked out and trodden under foot. I will say to the Senator from Indiana that the averment that he made that statement can be substantiated by as credible a witness as there is in this city at this time.

MR. VOORHEES. It is false, and even if the Senator said it it would be utterly false — just as false coming from the Senator as from the greatest liar ever in the country.

MR. INGALLS. If this were a police court the Senator from Indiana would be sent to the rock-pile for being drunk and disorderly.

Sullivan, Ind., September 28, 1868.

We, the undersigned citizens of Sullivan County, Indiana, were present at a public speaking held in Sullivan August 5, 1862, when Hon. D. W. Voorhees, said, speaking in reference to the Union soldiers, that they should go to the nearest blacksmith shop and have an iron collar made and placed around their necks, inscribed thereon in large letters, "My dog. A. Lincoln", and at the same time he referred to the Union soldiers as Lincoln's dogs and hirelings.

Valentine Hick.	Richard Dodd.
James J. Laudermilk.	Jacob B. Miller.
Warden Williams.	Isaac Hilderbrand.
Lafayette Hartley.	Margaret Hereford.
Philip W. Beck.	Mary Hereford.
Helen Hereford.	Nelson Burton.
Mrs. M. E. Earl.	Seth Cushman.
Thomas Bulton.	Owen Adams.
John W. Hawkins.	J. H. Ridgeway.

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I suppose those are reputable citizens of Indiana. They are not ashamed of their names or their residence. They give their home and their designation. The Senator from Indiana can settle the question of the truth or falsehood with them and not with me. And when the Senator from Indiana states that he has been endorsed by his own party, that all these accusations have been trod on and contumeliously spat upon by the people of Indiana, I say to him that that has only been done by the Democratic party of Indiana. We all know what business the Democratic party of Indiana were engaged in during the war. Seventy thousand of them were Knights of the Golden Circle, conspiring against this Union. They entered into combinations, as General Holt states in his report on that subject, for the purpose of —

1. Aiding soldiers to desert, and harboring and protecting deserters.
2. Discouraging enlistment and resisting the draft.
3. Circulation of disloyal and treasonable publications.
4. Communication with, and giving intelligence to, the enemy.
5. Aiding the enemy by recruiting for them, or assisting them to recruit within our lines.
6. Furnishing the rebels with arms, ammunition, etc.
7. Co-operating with the enemy in raids and invasions.
8. Destruction of Government property.
9. Destruction of private property and persecution of loyal men.
10. Assassination and murder.

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And it is susceptible of proof that they did conspire to murder Governor Morton, to overturn the State government and put it in the possession of the rebels; and this organization, to which the Senator from Indiana says he never belonged, had a ritual and organization of which 112 copies were found in his office—in the office of the Senator from Indiana—at the time when Hancock was at the bloody angle. In that same office was found correspondence between the Senator from Indiana and a Senator from New Jersey for the purpose of furnishing arms, 20,000 stand of them, not to the National Government, for the Senator from Indiana was not in sympathy with that at that time; not to the State government of Indiana, because that was in other and loyal hands; but for the purpose, as may be imagined, of carrying out the objects and purposes of this organization.

I am aware that the Senator from Indiana states and has stated that although these papers were found in his office, it was not then occupied by him. He is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. He states that he had abandoned the practice of law and was not intending to resume it; but I have here a list of what was found in his office at the same time when these 112 copies of the ritual and rules of organization of the Knights of the Golden Circle were found there,

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and he never denied it. He afterwards said that there had been an unwarrantable search of his private papers. General Carrington is a well-known man, and has stated publicly what was found in the office of the Senator from Indiana that did belong to him at the time when "these papers" were found.

The papers referred to are 112 copies of the ritual of the O. A. K., a treasonable order, aiming to overturn the Government of the United States, of whose Congress you are a member.

Your law library and office furniture were in the office where "these papers" were found.

You had declined renomination for Congress and the office was not for rent as late as April, 1864.

The ritual had been issued in the autumn of 1863. Your Congressional documents were in the office where "these papers" were found.

Your speeches, up to March, of your entire Congressional career, with the "John Brown" speech, were in the office where "these papers" were found. The correspondence of Senator Wall, of New Jersey, under his frank, indorsing a proposition to furnish you with 20,000 stand of Garibaldi rifles, just imported, "for which he could vouch", was in the office where "these papers" were found.

The correspondence of C. L. Vallandigham,

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from Windsor, Canada West, assuring you "our people will fight", and that "he is ready", and fixing a point on the "Lima road" at "which to meet you", was in the office where "these papers" were found.

There is a little more historical information on that subject which I think may be valuable. In the rebel archives was found a letter from Mr. Clement C. Clay, dated Welland Hotel, St. Catherine's, July 11, 1864, addressed to Hon. Jacob Thompson, Montreal. Lest I may seem inaccurate I believe I will have the whole letter printed. I take an extract from it. It is full of confidential communications to Mr. Thompson as an agent of the rebel Confederacy, tells him what is being done by the Sons of Liberty and the Knights of the Golden Circle, advises methods for the purpose of releasing Confederate prisoners, and he says:

The only fear is, they will not be prepared for it, and will be surprised and stupefied without notice. You need not fear, as they are of the sworn brotherhood. Voorhees is to be here on Monday or Tuesday, and perhaps Ben Wood.

July 11, 1864, "Voorhees is to be here on Monday or Tuesday, and perhaps Ben Wood". What was Voorhees "to be here" for in Canada to see C. C. Clay, and why was Jacob Thompson, of the Southern Confederacy, advised of it?

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The correspondence of Joseph Ristine, auditor of state, declaring that "he would like to see all Democrats unite in a bold and open resistance to all attempts to keep ours a united people by force of steel"; and that "this was a war against Democracy, and our only hope was a successful resistance of the South", was in the office "where these papers" were found.

The correspondence of E. C. Hibben, who assures you that "the Democracy are fast stiffening up when this war is to be openly declared as being waged for the purpose of freeing the negro", "which will arouse another section of the country to arms", and declaring "that Lincoln bayonets are shouldered for cold-blooded murder", was in the office "where these papers" were found.

The correspondence of J. Hardesty, who "wants you to have that one hundred thousand men ready, as we do not know how soon we may need them", was in the office where "this Ritual" was found.

And I have the letter of Hardesty here in which he calls on the Senator from Indiana to have the one hundred thousand men in readiness. There is a curious explanation about that letter, which is that when the Senator from Indiana, just previous to the breaking out of the war, was in

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Virginia making addresses in favor of slavery and secession, he made a speech at a serenade or on a public occasion in which he said that if any attempt was made to coerce the South one hundred thousand Democrats in Indiana would come down to resist the effort. My informant says that they did come, but their guns were pointed the wrong way.

The correspondence of J. J. Bingham, who asks you "if you think the South has resources enough to keep the Union forces at bay", and says that "you must have sources of information which he has not" was in the office where "these papers" were found.

The correspondence of John G. Davis informing you that a certain New York Journal "is wonderfully exercised about the secret anti-war movements" and "tremble in their boots in view of the terrible reaction which is sure to await them" was in the office where "these papers" were found.

The correspondence of U. S. Walker, who "keeps out of the way", because they are trying to arrest him for officiating in secret societies, inclosing the oath of the K. G. C's prior to that of the O. A. K, was in the office where "these papers" were found.

The petition of C. L. Vallandigham, D. W.

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Voorhees, and Benjamin Wood in favor of two republics and a United South was in the office where "these papers" were found.

The correspondence of Campbell, E. Etheridge, George H. Pendleton, J. E. McDonald, W. B. Hanna, and others, Mr. Carrington says, are some of the "circumstances" that led me to believe that "these papers" the ritual of the O. A. K., were found in your office.

I looked upon these circumstances as a plain juror might be supposed to do, and not as a statesman, and innocently supposed that such papers as these, if spared from the fire, would be in possession of the owner, and that the office of the owner would be the place where "these papers" would be found.

And yet, with Colonel Thompson, I cheerfully accepted your denial, and so respond as you request "that the people may know the truth".

The Senator from Indiana in response to this wrote a letter three columns long that was published in the Democratic papers and printed in the Richmond Enquirer in Virginia, with praise of the Senator from Indiana.

A letter from J. Hardesty, of Harrisonburgh, Va., to his nephew, Daniel W. Voorhees, dated —

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Harrisonburgh, December 17, 1862.

Addressed —

My Dear Nephew: We want you to hold that 100,000 men in readiness, as we do not know how soon we may want them.

J. Hardesty.

Addressed on envelope:

Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees,
Terre Haute, Ind.

SENATOR WALL, OF NEW JERSEY, TO DAN VOORHEES.

Long Branch, August 21, 1863.

My Dear Sir: I inclose you two letters from a man by the name of Carr, in reference to arms. A letter directed to him simply Philadelphia will reach him. I can vouch for the excellent quality and great efficiency of the rifles.

Yours in haste,

James W. Wall.

And another from Carr to Wall, dated August 14, 1863, on the same subject, giving the price at which these arms could be purchased, which was \$14 apiece, saying there were about twenty thousand of them in all. For what purpose they were wanted is left to the imagination to disclose.

With regard to the question as to the side on which the sympathies of the Senator from Indiana were — I suppose the Senator from Indiana will deny this also and say it was mere campaign calumny cast out and trodden under the feet of men — on the 5th day of March, 1864, he spoke

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of Vallandigham as "that representative American patriot, who, with Hendricks and Seymour and Richardson, had done so much to uphold the hands of the American public and had preserved so far the guaranties of constitutional liberty", a man who was tried and banished from the country for being a traitor, and justly banished; and yet the Senator from Indiana said on the 5th of March, 1864:

Will some poor, crawling, despised sycophant and tool of executive despotism —

That sounds very much like the Senator from Indiana. If that is a fabrication it is a very ingenious one —

Will some poor, crawling, despised sycophant and tool of executive despotism dare to say that I shall not pronounce the name of Vallandigham? The scandal and stigma of his condemnation —

The scandal and stigma of Vallandigham's condemnation —

and banishment have filled the civilized world, and the Lethean and oblivious wave of a thousand years can not wash away the shame and reproach of that miserable scene from the American name. Some members have attacked with fierce clamor the great American statesman and Christian gentleman who suffers his exile in the cause of liberty on a foreign soil. So the basest cur that ever kenned may bay, at "the bidding of a master, the aged lion in the distance".

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His opinion of Mr. Lincoln was contained in the same speech —

Genghis Kahn and Tamerlane, preserved by the pen of the historian for universal execration, found no pursuit so pleasant as calling for more men for the harvest of death, and, like our present Executive, snuffing with jests and ribaldry the warm taint of blood on every gale.

Oh, bitter mockery, justice has been dethroned and the blessings of liberty annihilated.

Because four millions of slaves were set free, apparently.

There is not one square mile of free soil in the American Republic.

The Senator from Indiana was also a member of Congress in the early days of the war, and he made some speeches upon the subjects that were then agitating the country. In an address to his constituents in April, 1861,—I hope I am not inaccurate about that—he declared that he would never vote a single dollar or a single man for the prosecution of the war, and he never did so long as he was in Congress.

He constantly and persistently voted against every measure for upholding the Union cause and re-inforcing its armies, voted against all the constitutional amendments, and finally declared by a nay vote that he would not hold that the amendments were constitutional or binding upon the conscience of the American people. And yet the

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Senator from Indiana, who I think deserves charity more than any man that I know upon this floor, and who has received it at the hands of his associates, and who can less afford than any man of my acquaintance to invite a scrutiny of his war record with anybody, with playfulness and hilariousness refers to the fact that I served during the war as a judge-advocate with the rank of major and subsequently of lieutenant-colonel. I have this to say: That however obscure or inefficient my services may have been, they were always on the side of my country, and not as his has been, always against it.

MR. VOORHEES. Mr. President, if the Senator from Kansas, to just take a matter of fact, will find one single vote that I have cast against the payment of soldiers for their pay, for their supplies, for their bounties, or appropriations for their pensions, I will resign my seat in the Senate. Every word that has been stated on that subject is absolutely false by the record — absolutely.

I measure my words as I stand here. If I am an object of his charity, he is an object of my contempt. He says I issued a proclamation to my constituents in April, 1861, that I would not vote for men or money. That is false. I never did anything of the kind; never in the world. I was a pretty hard fighter during the war in political

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campaigns. The party then in power gave it out that there should be no parties, that we should not contend as parties; but I did not accept that, and I fought my battles in my own way. I fought for free speech and a free press; but the soldiers of Indiana know, and they will measure and hear what I am now saying, that I voted for every dollar that ever fed them, that ever clothed them, and the man who says otherwise is a falsifier and a slander, and I brand it on him.

I can go home to my people on that statement. In 1864 I was in a bitter, hard canvass for Congress. The Senator from Kansas has announced that I had quit practicing law. That is not true. There is not a word of truth in it. I had gone from one office to another. Some papers that belonged to me were left in the office, and others put up a job on me in political campaigns, and put things there which were found there and were published as found there. I denied then, as I deny now, that I was ever a member of any secret political society in my life.

Oliver P. Morton, a brave man, not, like the Senator from Kansas, small and active, but great and strong, and who believed that there was a secret organization in Indiana menacing the safety of the Republic, never pretended that I was connected with that organization. There has never been a man in public life, until the

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Senator from Kansas here persuades himself to do it, who ever alluded to the pretended fact that I belonged to such an organization. There was a gentleman from New Hampshire once, a member of the House, who inadvertently, in a sort of hurried way, alluded in a general manner to me as a member of a secret organization in Indiana; and the next day I took the floor for a personal explanation.

I remember the House gathered around me, and among the rest General Schenck, who was the leader of the house on the opposite side. He came close to me. I explained all these things, and that was the last of them. Now the Senator from Kansas sees fit, nosing around in a low, little way, to bring up these things which are stale, putrid, cast off, and the offal of years gone by.

When the matter that he speaks of as to my office was brought out by General Carrington I was in a hard canvass for Congress. I carried the district by nearly 800 majority. As my friend, the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes], remembers, they contested my seat, and threw me out because the Republicans needed two-thirds majority to fight Andrew Johnson then, and for no other reason in the world. I went back to a changed district, where they put 1,500 majority upon me, and I beat them in that district with the soldiers all at home.

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Now, if the Senator from Kansas thinks he is making respectability or honor or even courtesy by reviving these things which have been passed upon by a jury of my peers — a good deal more than his peers, but a jury of my peers in Indiana — he is mistaken. I have had several elections to Congress since all this poor old stuff was published, and then I have been four times commissioned a Senator. I have been elected three times by the Legislature, and I have carried the State twice, by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority. If the Senator from Kansas in his miserable condition attempting to extricate himself from the disgrace of assailing McClellan and Hancock, sees fit to assail me, he is welcome to do so. A man who has aspersed the fame of McClellan, and says that he had fought two years trying to make the war a failure, and that Hancock was an ally of the Confederacy, and that Hancock and McClellan and Horace Greeley all belonged to the worst elements of the North, I feel his abuse as a compliment, and I thank him for the aspersions and respond to him accordingly. [Laughter and applause.]

So far as the old stuff about my denouncing the soldiers of Indiana is concerned, the soldiers will take care of that, and there is only a miserable set of people who were never soldiers, or if they were were sutlers most likely or sutlers'

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clerks, ever allude to anything of that kind, and I can only say—I do not want to be offensive to the Senator from Kansas, and do not much care whether I am or not [laughter]—I can only say (because he has thrust these matters upon me), as I have said, that the people whose names he reads there do lie and do not tell the truth, nor does the Senator when he repeats what they say tell the truth either. I have not the slightest concern, not the slightest feeling, not the slightest irritation upon this matter. It has been passed upon time and again.

As for the letter for Captain Shoup I wrote the letter for Frank Shoup. I knew him well. We were boys at school together. He was going down South with his sister, who was dying of consumption. It was in December, before a single state had seceded, before the war had broken out, and I did sympathize with the feelings of the South that there ought to be a compromise at that time. The Crittenden compromise was pending, and the Peace Congress was called. I had no favors to ask; and as to charity, as I said, I respond with contempt.

That is all I have to say.

MR. EUSTIS. Mr. President—

MR. INGALLS. Will the Senator from Indiana allow me to ask him whether the soldiers of Indiana did not threaten to hang him with a bell-rope

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on a train between New Castle and Terre Haute after he made that "Lincoln dog" speech?
[Laughter.]

MR. VOORHEES. Mr. President, the Senator is a great liar when he intimates such a thing — a great liar and a dirty dog. ["Order!" "Order!"] Such a thing never occurred in the world. That is all the answer I have to make.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator is hardly in order. Personal discussion is not proper. The Chair hopes Senators will be in order.

MR. VOORHEES. I pass it back to the scoundrel behind him who is instigating these lies.

MR. INGALLS. Mr. President, there is a very reputable gentleman in the Chamber, a citizen of Indiana, who informs me that the signers of the certificate about the "Lincoln dog" speech are entirely reputable inhabitants, male and female, of Sullivan County, and that he knows fifty people there who heard the speech made and can swear to it.

MR. VOORHEES. I say he is an infamous liar and scoundrel who says I did. I say so.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator will be in order.

At this point the friends of Senator Voorhees led him from the Senate Chamber. He was pale and trembling. He tried to hold up his head and

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look defiant—an effort that was a miserable failure. Outside the door he burst into tears and cursed his fate, saying that his career was run and his reputation for patriotism blasted. He was in despair. And he was desperate. His friends kept him concealed several days. From that day he did not have his old bearing in the Senate. His demeanor was apologetic and conciliatory. In fact, his public career may be said to have ended that day.

V.

Ingalls secured a third term as United States Senator without trouble. This term expired at a sorry time for the brilliant Senator. That grotesque political movement known as populism was in full blast. Nothing like it was ever seen in America.

The populist uprising was a political revolution that failed. It was begotten of oppression and born of an appeal for justice. It was a protest against gross and long-continued usurpation of the rights of the people by lawless and predatory combinations of criminals and freebooters entrenched in all the departments of the govern-

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ment. It was conceived in righteousness, but born to misfortune. Its sansculottic wet-nurses proved self-seeking vagabonds with confiscatory proclivities. Wild-eyed, abnormally bearded, peculiarly garbed, they went forth proclaiming preposterous remedies for a sick nation. These political street-walkers sacrificed the revolution for the spoils of office, to obtain which they "fused" with the very principles against which their party had risen. Many of the reforms sought by the honest minority have, happily, been incorporated in state and national statutes. The blatant demagogues, the criminals, the blackmailers of insurance companies and other business institutions found to be at their mercy, held high carnival over their carrion for a season, then slunk back into that obscurity from which they had emerged.

The movement became a contagious psychological disorder. Women loud of mouth and brazen of face became political crusaders and paraded up and down the land in frenzy and dishabille. Tribunes were raised, and from these a succession of bewhiskered orators poured a continuous stream of monotonous balderdash which was heralded by waiting multitudes of mediocre rustics

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and devotees as the gospel of human rights and political freedom — that is, the New gospel. The tail of some crazy comet must have beclouded the earth. The rankest demagogue was acclaimed the greatest patriot. Indians joined in the frenzy and set to ghost-dancing and the practice of incantation to restore their lost domains and bring back the buffalo — a course far more intelligent and reasonable than that of the hypnotic pale-face he imitated. Coxey armies marched thousands of miles to Washington to protest against fancied invasions of man's primitive liberties only to be ordered off the grass by truckling English menials and lawn-cutters with exaggerated notions of their functions. One slatternly jade announced that she had been made a Freemason, and in a feast at the close of the Red Cross work in a lodge in Kansas City, Kansas, the following toast was proposed by a waggish member: "Here's to Mary Yellin, the Knight of the Red C——!" Of her Ingalls wrote to Ware "I have never mentioned that female's (?) name, and I suspect this silence irritates her perhaps more than speech, and then, too, a man is always at great disadvantage in any altercation with any person

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wearing feminine garb, no matter what the sex may be".

Ingalls saw the rising cloud when it was no bigger than a man's hand. His friends also saw it and entreated him to lead in a movement to confine it to a faction of his party—something which might have been accomplished. So far did he heed these admonitions as to prepare an address to be delivered at some proper place in the April before the election of the Legislature. But he was in doubt and hesitated until the psychic moment had passed — one instance where not only Opportunity but his friends hung on him for weeks, but he did not rise. Writing to Ware he said:

I suppose I ought to be grateful to the cabal of Democrats, Greenbackers, political cl—p-doctors, and bunco-steerers, for being the first to formally nominate me for a fourth term in the Senate! That they did not represent the sentiments of the Republican farmers of Kansas in their fulminations against me I have already many gratifying assurances. Of course nobody can predict, I mean foretell, what will happen politically, but I shall be greatly surprised if the people of Kansas stultify themselves by deliber-

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ately adopting such prescriptions as these quacks and Sarsaparilla physicians have written. With many demands of the Alliance I sympathize—Silver, more currency, cheaper transportation, tariff revision, and the suppression of the trusts, monopolies, grain gambling, &c., but I pause at the frontier.

When hope of election was well-nigh gone he delivered that address in the Senate and labeled it “The Image and Superscription of Caesar”. It excited derision only, when, if it had been proclaimed in time, it might have turned the tide.

But in this crisis of his affairs Ingalls bore himself well. He did not fail to see the ridiculous, as he always did, writing to Ware concerning a “terrifying letter from an agitated person” at Fort Scott: “I should say on general principles that any man who asserted that there was not a ‘virtuous’ woman in the land deserved to be knocked down in Topeka or anywhere else. The battery could be justified by an appeal to Lindley Murray”.

Over-zealous friends urged him to the use of money, but the day when York dramatically placed \$7,000 on the Speaker’s desk stood out

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clearly in his mind and memory, and he forbade absolutely what he was not inclined to do in any event.

Ingalls met the situation with courage and dignity. The night before the election he addressed a splendid audience at the Grand Opera House in Topeka. He had a keen appreciation of dramatic effect. Before it was expected that he would begin his speech the auditorium was flooded with light, and he appeared on the stage, hat in hand, in faultless attire, and said,

Whether in the battle to-morrow I shall survive or not, let it be said of me, that to the oppressed of every clime; to the Irishman suffering from the brutal acts of Great Britain, or to the slave in the bayou of the South, I have at all times and places been their advocate; and to the soldier, his widow and orphans, I have been their protector and friend.

But he was beaten.

An old-time friend living in Wyandotte County telegraphed Mrs. Ingalls:

Madam:

The leaf in the book upon which is written *Ad astra per aspera* has been temporarily turned down.

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Your husband does not need sympathy — it is the people of Kansas.

The light has gone out.

History has not yet dealt with those times. Indeed, it is scarcely necessary that it should. Ware embalmed them in the verse of his genius. Through his “The Kansas Bandit, or the Fall of Ingalls”, the people a thousand years from now will be familiar with those disjointed days. This brief study is closed with extracts from that splendid poem. It discloses and preserves the well-known fact that even in its incipiency the revolution was the prey of unprincipled men; and these finally wrecked it.

THE KANSAS BANDIT:

OR,

THE FALL OF INGALLS.

[ALONZO, *the Bandit, is seen walking up and down the road, near Yellow Paint Creek, Kansas.*]]

ALONZO. Here I parade the banks of classic
Paint, while
Poverty doth like a setting hen upon me
Fortunes brood.

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The times were once when from
Gigantic war recovering, the currency was to
the

Wants of business equal. With scanty rites,
Economy, the sickly child of poverty, was then
in

Graveyard buried. Apace the times have
changed.

Drawpoker for the last four years remunera-
tion

Hath not yielded. Me constitution doth the full
Assimilation of me normal rum refuse. No
longer

Will the credulous "bootlegger" accept me
Promises. While upon the street women of
Doubtful reputation snub me. The avenues of
Honest labor all seem closed. The preachers on
The roof do jeer at me down on the pavement.
The times, the times are like a mule-kicked
lantern

Shattered: and all because the people do not
rule.

Now on the banks of classic Paint I stand,
With deathless nerve I clutch this trenchant
brand,

And now and here, importunate and rash
I face the world — exclusively for cash.

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[*A stranger appears. ALONZO draws a sigh and a scythe, and cries:*]

Halt. Stand. Ducats or blood.

[*The stranger strikes an attitude and replies:*]

My sir — I am in occupation holy,
I am a follower of the meek and lowly;
Do not detain me. Ducats are a fiction;
I give thee all I have — a benediction.

Before I got in politics, dear Bandit,
I had a pulpit, and right well I manned it.

I used to tell the story of the cross,
But now I just talk politics and hoss.
I'm down on Ingalls now, for his position
I do not think real sound on prohibition.

And many things he says doth much displease
us;

McGrath says In-galls wants another Jesus.
Then Ingalls talks of "iridescent dreams,"—
That government is forcee.

ALONZO. Give me thy cash — I fight not Ingalls,
But poverty.

STRANGER. I have not cash.

ALONZO. Pass on.

[*Enter tall stranger, with spectacles.*]

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ALONZO. Bullion or blood, of which
Art thou most scanty?
I'm the Kansas Bandit,
Stand and ante.

STRANGER. Art thou the Paint Creek Bandit?
ALONZO. I are.

STRANGER. Do you believe in the purification
Of Kansas polities and in the decalogue?

ALONZO. Distract me not with thy pale cast
Of thought: what man art thou,
And where thy cash?

STRANGER. I am the Buck of Duke-ing-ham;
I'm fighting Ingalls every day,
I'm fighting Ingalls every way.

ALONZO. Art thou a farmer?

STRANGER. No, I am an agriculturist.

ALONZO. What is the difference?

STRANGER. The farmer works the soil,
The agriculturist works the farmer.
Down in thy bootleg now thy cornknife sheath,
While I of deep damnation tell to thee
A tale of misery that far beneath
That of thine own hath happened unto me.
Perhaps you know me by my late biography —
I am the author of that late Geography.
I wanted to collect the revenue.
I went to Atchison, and then and there

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I stayed with Ingalls for a week or two.
He put in Leland, and it made me swear.
Then Ingalls said, in words that seemed so real,
“Dear General, won’t you proceed to sheol.”

ALONZO. Thy tale is short, and yet it doth unman me.

Thou has more poetry than picayunes,
More spondees than spondulies —
Pass on thy way — pass on — thou need’st not
Ante, for in the game of life none
But the dealers ante.

[*Exit stranger.*]

The People’s Party, to
Which me native instinct draws me because it
Loves the rule of mediocrity, is now on top. I
Love the rule of Ignorance. I love to see a
granger

Who doesn’t know a pine refrigerator from a
legal
Maxim, discourse on finance, whittling on a
store box.

[*Enter stranger.*]

ALONZO. What, hoe! Stand and deliver.

STRANGER. Who art thou? Speak!

ALONZO. I am a Bandit. Disgorge.

STRANGER. I also am a kind of Bandit. I run
An anti-Ingalls newspaper. I have no cash.

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I take up a collection as I go, to pay
My operating expenses — including my
Fixed charges.

ALONZO. Thou dost prevaricate. Thou are not an
Editor of the People's Party. Thou hast
On a clean shirt.

STRANGER. But a dirty undershirt — an awful
dirty one.

ALONZO. 'Tis well — but then — I want no shirt.
Wealth must I have — disgorge.

STRANGER. I have no wealth.

ALONZO. What hast thou, then?

STRANGER. I have intellect — lately discovered—
But still I've got it.

ALONZO. All that thou needst is thy
Cere-bellum in these post-bellum days.

A howler of calamity,
He needs no brains, for damit 'e,
Can work on cheek and vanity,
Big whiskers and inanity.

[*Exit Stranger.*]

ALONZO. Ha! I'll let him go.
I love calamity. I love to howl it
And to hear it howled.

[*Enter lawyer.*]

ALONZO. Pause! Gold or gore.

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LAWYER. I defy thee.

ALONZO. Defy me not.

My motto:

Coin or Carnage.

LAWYER. I am a lawyer, and I stand undaunted.
Art thy name Alonzo?

ALONZO. It art, but thine the duty not to stand a
Gasing, but aghast. Eliminate thy wealth.

I cannot stand and dicker
Now with thee,
But with a snicker
Draw my snickersnee.

LAWYER. Thou art of no more force than a last
Year's chattel mortgage.

Alonzo, dost remember erst-
While before a Bourbon county jury when Jim,
With Ciceronian voice and gesture, thee of mule
Abduction did accuse, and prove it by some
Dozen witnesses, although thou sworest thou
wert

In Emporia? And reckest thou not how thou
thy

Grip didst lose, and how, with white lips, thou
Saidst—"Save me from hard labor," until I
told

Thee that I had Jim foul? And dost thou not
Remember how that jury had been carefully

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Selected from sympathetic granger statesmen
who

Only read the "Union Labor" papers, and how
With brilliant panegyric I thy honest brow
Applauded, and how I called thee a hard-fisted
Yeoman — victim, I said, of prostrate labor and
Contraction, seeking for bread amid the ruins of
Chaotic finance,— victim, I said, of insufficient
Circulation, buffeted by rent and sleepless
usury.

How with quixotic rhetoric I did fight the gilded
Vampires in the ambient ether, and how that
Granger jury was so polly-foxed that they did
Find a verdict of "not guilty"?

ALONZO. 'Tis true — pass on — but stay. Hast
Thou the due-bill that I gave thee for thy
Effort?

LAWYER. I have-est. Behold it!

ALONZO. I know thou hast no money.
Still I can't
Do business here for nothing.
I now
Take hold and freeze onto this due-bill.
(*Takes bill.*) Git!

[*Exit lawyer.*]

He's gone.— Behold, the sun is slowly setting.
Why did I take this note? It's only "fiat."
It isn't worth the trouble of the getting.
I can't hypothecate the thing for diet.

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But it is good. The penmanship's proficient—
It must be good — the paper's white and tough.

“Due on demand”— that ought to be
sufficient,

And certainly the sum is large enough;

And why the thing won't buy a loaf of bread
Is a conundrum that just knocks me dead.

It seems to me that borrower and lender
Have neither rights the other should respect —

That each man's note should be a legal tender,
Abolishing all methods to collect.

Yet, 'mid all this calamity, there's Ingalls —
What hath he done for Kansas? He doth flaunt

His brains around, and with the nation
mingles,—

But it is cash, not brains, the people want.

Down, down with Ingalls! brains don't
represent

The people *now* in Kansas worth a cent.

[*Tears up the note and throws it away.*]

The sun has set. The road no victim offers.
I'm catching cold. Business is awful dull.

[*A barefooted person, with spectacles, is seen coming.*]

ALONZO. Halt! Who comes there? Art thou a
Moundbuilder, or a Troubadour?

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STRANGER. I am a friend with the countersign.

ALONZO. Advance, friend, and give the
Countersign.

STRANGER. Down with Ingalls.

ALONZO. The sentiment thou hast, but not the
Words. The words are: SOC ET TUUM.
As Elder says,—“them words is Latten.”

STRANGER. Sock me no socks. Did not I upon
The field of battle meet Prince Hal.? Where now is Hal.? In those pathetic
Words of poetess: “The bark that held the
Prince peeled off.” When the 7th Dist.
Did my sockless fibula behold, they yelled
For me, and it was good-bye Hal. I know
These people. Brains they do not want,
For if they did, I’d give it to them.
Hal. did not know what beat him — ’Twas
Lack of moisture in the atmosphere. He
Was the victim of climatic scarcity. My
District expects me to produce territorial
Humidity, and divide the rain-belt with
the sea-board States. Ingalls could not
Accomplish it. He therefore failed to be a
Statesman. What has he done for Kansas?
All she needs is rain. She having rain
Has grain, and having grain had Ingalls.
He could not make it rain, hence naught
For Kansas had he done. Of course he

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Made some reputation for himself and State, and all the Union rang with Kansas And with Ingalls. And in the Senate, Leaning up against his own backbone, he Sat and ruled most royally, as to the Intellectual purple born. But still he Couldn't make it rain, and now we've got Him down!

As to the earth the royal rain falls, We'll jeer at Ingalls.—Accent on the "*galls*".

[*He passes on.*]

[*ALONZO, frightened.*]

Ha! What is that coming up the road?
It has a most peculiar aspect.
I'll speak to it. What art thou?
An adverb?

THING. No. A high moral plane.

ALONZO. Thou art a strange thing. Thy object?
H. M. P. The object of a high moral plane is to Get a reputation for being better than any Other thing. Not to *be* better, but to get the Reputation. Climb on; our object is to purify Politics by running it ourselves. To banish "Iridescent dreams." To take up prohibition, Female suffrage and the so-called "moral" isms That we can handle. We stuck a man in Wichita for selling beer one afternoon Seventy years in jail, with 27,000 dollars fine.

POLITICS

We're down on Ingalls for another reason —
He's an agnostic and blasphemer. His
Speeches show he don't believe that there's
Another happy world where he can go and
Live forever with us moralists. Then
He is vain, and vanity is what high moral
Planes abhor. He lacks that
Element of Christian humility that should
Say unto the nearest Presiding Elder — thy
Will in politics, not mine, be done. We
Think morality requires a change, and that
His vanity should be let down. We think
That on the tombstone of his politics the
Epitaph should be:

UP WAS HE STUCK,
AND IN THE VERY UPNESS
OF HIS STUCKTITUDE
HE FELL.

[*H. M. P. passes on.*]

ALONZO. I don't believe I want to climb
Up on that thing. It holds a tough-looking
But congenial crowd. Prohibition was
Once the thing to win with, but it ain't so
Any more. Calamity is what now goes.
Prohibition is now the last hope which
Weak minds have for getting into office.
But where's my cash upon this lonesome

POLITICS

Road? There's no free silver.—Ho!
Who comes here, in the twilight gloom?

STRANGER. A "noble granger," who with lung
Voluminous would fain be heard. My
Name is Calamity Bill. I have a way of
Beating mortgages.

ALONZO. Art thou armed?

STRANGER. Yes — with campaign documents.

ALONZO. If thou hast any gold or silver, extract
It from thy clothing. I am a hard-money
Bandit. My demands are now payable in coin.

STRANGER. I have none.

ALONZO. Greenbacks or national-bank notes?

STRANGER. None.

ALONZO. Bonds, coupons, or silver certificates?

STRANGER. None.

ALONZO. Notes, mortgages, securities?

STRANGER. None.

ALONZO. Checks, drafts, bills of lading, or
Negotiable paper?

STRANGER. None.

ALONZO. Hast anything within thy pockets?

STRANGER. Only tobacco.

ALONZO. Fine-cut or plug?

STRANGER. Plug.

POLITICS

ALONZO. I chew not plug.

Hast thou good clothes?
It's dark—I cannot see.

STRANGER. I have at home, not here.

Intending to address the sturdy
Yeomanry and whoop them up from an
Industrial standpoint, I this night did don
A suit of jeans for the occasion, such
As I husk corn in.

ALONZO. Art thy boots good?

STRANGER. Out at the toes and minus soles.
I borrowed them.

ALONZO. Thy hat?

STRANGER. I punched a hole a few yards back,
And through the crown a matted lock
I pulled. It's gayly waving through
The orifice, although thou seest it not.
I had to-night intended to explain
Unto the bone and sinew of our country
How Sherman and McKinley of a wealthy
People made a nation full of paupers.
How the Government should issue
Money at one per cent. on farms, and
Should build vast warehouses, wherein
The products of the country can be stored
And chattel-mortgaged to the Government.
And how the way to make a dollar is

POLITICS

To stamp a piece of paper and then
Call it one. Language, not cash,
Is all I have just now.

ALONZO. Condemn the luck! There is
No scope for honest labor. Every avenue
Is walled. See
The depression that me present business
Now endures. Oh, desperation! Say!
See here. I must make business lively.
I cannot wait the slow and tedious
Restoration of those days when no man
Worked yet everything was had.
Prepare for death! I think that I can turn
An honest penny by finding thee when
A reward is offered. If all were idle,
Business won't revive. Something
Accomplished, something done, must earn
A night's repose. I have within my heart
Hot cells —

STRANGER. Shut up! Hear me, thou victim
Of commercial chaos.— Down at
A school-house there expectant waits
A Union Labor and Alliance caucus.
The F. M. B.'s are coming in, and we
Will talk of Ingalls and of money,
Ocala, and the platform of St. Louis.
I go to tell how laws must needs be
Most unjust that will not let a

POLITICS

Person beat a creditor. I have
A money scheme, most noble Bandit,
That beats two of yours. I can rob more
Men in fifteen minutes than you can in years.
With dangers yours is fraught, with mine
Is none. Shall I reveal?

ALONZO. Go on.

STRANGER. Thy style is antiquated. Men with
Views like yours both schemes have tried,
And the reflecting light of his'try hath
Taught that one can rob more people ten
To one by the new process than the old.
First.— Ingalls must be beaten. In his stead
A man of the Alliance must be placed, here
And elsewhere—a man of hair. We must
Have Peffer or a mattress. Then we will
Take the printing-presses, and make money,
Loan to farmers at a nominal per cent, on
Land by farmers valued. Make the money
Legal tender, then we'll scoop 'em in.
When once we get the timid, invalid and
Weak to lose their faith in a metallic
Currency, we've got 'em. They are left.
We cannot reach the man who pins
His faith to coin, except to blackguard him,
And then he only laughs. But the great
Masses with our doctrine stuffed, under
Delusion give us property for paper. Of

POLITICS

Honesty it hath a certain glamour. We
Hold the truck the paper represents.
They hold the paper, waiting its redeemer,
Like Job of old did his, till time hath
Worn them out and made them toss the
Sponge. Thy name would give addition
To our ranks. Come, go with me and
Make thine opening exhortation. Be no
Longer a Dime Novel Bandit, clad in plume
And bootlegs.—But — shout “Calamity.”

[*Tableaux.—ALONZO seen struggling with his conscience; at last he yields, and speaks.]*

This recent scheme, I hardly understand it;
There's much more to it than I first surmised.

It must commend itself to any bandit,
Although, perhaps, it's somewhat civilized.

But it's deficient in one thing I prize —
To wit: a healthy outdoor exercise.

Here in the raging Paint my blade I throw,
And to the anti-Ingalls caucus go.

Let's howl sub-treasury — free cash — and
Peffer;
Let's go back on our mortgages — of course —
While through our statesman's whiskers the
wild zephyr,
The Kansas zephyr, skips with solemn force.

POLITICS

We'll down 'em, and we'll keep 'em down,
that's plain;
We'll keep 'em down as long as it don't rain.

With flashing speed the pulse of evening
tingles,
Lo! in the East comes the "free-silver" moon;
Come on, come on — we'll whoop it up to
Ingalls.
We are all statesmen — let us all reune;
To this Alliance caucus let us go.
Ha! Ingalls, ha! thou meet'st thy overthrow.



MISCELLANY



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JOHN JAMES INGALLS. The first-born of Elias Theodore Ingalls and his wife Eliza Chase.

Of Puritan ancestry.

Born at Middletown, Massachusetts, December 29, 1833.

Was United States Senator from Kansas eighteen years — from 1873 to 1891.

Died of bronchitis, at Las Vegas, New Mexico, August 16, 1900. Is buried at Atchison.

Statue placed in Hall of Fame, Washington, by act of the Kansas Legislature.

Ingalls was fond of walking. He loved to wander solitary and alone. About Atchison he strolled over prairies, along bluffs, through fields, under the trees of forest and orchard.

When he was made Chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, he walked about Washington constantly, and made himself familiar with its every feature and want.

Ingalls wrote the *Kansas Magazine* articles

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in his home on a small table in the living-room. The children were all about him, but seemed not to annoy him or distract his attention. He wrote slowly — that is, composed slowly. Mrs. Ingalls says he “wrote and tore up” his articles until they conformed to the requirements of his exact and discriminating taste.

One competent to speak said of Ingalls:

He knew language as the devout Moslem knows his Koran. All the deeps and shallows of the sea of words were sounded and surveyed by him and duly marked upon the chart of his great mentality. In the presence of an audience he was a magician; under the power of his magic, syllables became scorpions — an inflection became an indictment. And with words he builded temples of thought that excited at first the wonder and at all times the admiration of the world of literature and statesmanship. He was emperor in the realm of expression.

That Ingalls was an acute observer of men and events is shown by his analysis of the character of the Kansas man:

It has been sometimes obscurely intimated that the typical Kansan lacks in reserve, and occasion-

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ally exhibits a tendency to exaggeration in dwelling upon the development of the state and the benefits and burdens of its citizenship. Censorious scoffers, actuated by envy, jealousy, malignity, and other evil passions, have intimated that he unduly vaunteth himself; that he brags and becomes vainglorious; that he is given to bounce, tall talk, and magniloquence.

There have not been wanting those who affirm that he magnifies his calamities as well as his blessings, and desires nothing so much as to have the name of Kansas in any capacity in the ears and mouths of men.

Such accusations are well calculated to make the judicious grieve. They result from a misconception of the man and his environment.

The normal condition of the genuine Kansan is that of shy and sensitive diffidence. He suffers from excess of modesty. He blushes too easily. There is nothing he dislikes so much as to hear himself talk. He hides his light under a bushel. He keeps as near the tail-end of the procession as possible. He never advertises. He bloweth not his own horn, and is indifferent to the bandwagon.

Ingalls was epigrammatic. He said of Garland, Attorney-General of the United States under Cleveland: "General Garland is a great lawyer

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among Arkansaw men and a great Arkansaw man among lawyers."

Describing his impressions of the Missouri River on his journey to settle in Kansas he said the steamboat was days and days ascending to Sumner, and that he was always in sight of tall cottonwoods and broad sandbars on one side of the river, or broad sandbars and tall cottonwoods on the other side of the river.

He could descend from the stars and manifest interest in the most trivial household affairs. He had a clever turn, and in the first years of his home-life often mended gates and the sidewalk. With hammer and saw he constructed about the house convenient shelves and corners. And he was no indifferent workman.

At home he always blacked his own boots.

He would contemplate the valley of the Missouri for hours at a time. He seemed never to tire of the view. He studied the moods of the river, and days of bluster when sand-clouds drifted over it, it had a fascination for him. His first home was on a bluff in South Atchison commanding an extensive view of river, bottoms and

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bluffs. Standing by this old house in after life, he wrote this idyl:

Was it on this planet we lived alone, and loved in youth's enchanted kingdom amid the forests and by the great lonely river, looking with mingled gaze at the eastern bluffs purpled by the autumnal sunset, or at the face of the moon climbing with sad steps the midnight sky; or was it on some remote star in some other life, recalled with rapture and longing unutterable and unavailing?

"Oh, death in life; the days that are no more!"

The crumbling excavation scarce discernible among the vines and weeds and brambles, deserted and inaccessible, ancient as Palmyra or Persepolis in seeming — was this the theatre whereon was enacted the intoxicating drama, the sweet tragedy of human passion, grief, joy, and endless separation? Since then, what devious wanderings of the soul, what darkened vistas, what trepidation, what struggle and solace, what achievements and defeat — what splendor and what gloom! The river flows, and the landscape is unchanged. Nature mocks with her permanence the mutability of man; and the steadfast presence recalling life's vanished glory and bloom and dew of morning — how worthless and empty appear all that time gives, compared with what

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it takes away! How gladly would we exchange the prizes of ambition and fame and wealth for the splendid consecration of youth and —

“Wild with all regret — the days that are no more”.

Ingalls loved red as a color in his apparel. His flaming red ties became famous in Kansas; they were frequently a brilliant scarlet. In the days of his first residence in Atchison it was fashionable for men to wear in winter very heavy shawls. Ingalls exhibited his individuality and gratified his taste by wearing a red and gleaming blanket.

He liked to be droll, even eccentric and grotesque, on occasion. In the last days of his residence at Sumner he arrayed himself in a long linen duster, reaching to his heels. He stretched his enormous straw hat upward into a long peak. He was very tall and extremely slender, anyway, and thus clad he seemed of extraordinary height.

It was, sometimes, with difficulty that Ingalls could be prevailed on to deliver his addresses and orations. Once he was to address some gathering in the East. He made excuses for remain-

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ing at home, but Mrs. Ingalls insisted that he should go. On the day he should have appeared before his audience she heard from him at St. Louis, where he said he was ill. In a few days he returned home, having cancelled his engagements. Mrs. Ingalls could not discover that he was ill, and was certain that his course resulted from reluctance to then go on with his work.

This may have been in some degree due to his horror of speaking in public. On one occasion his fright was so great that he could not proceed with an address, and he had to stop and admit his failure. I have Ware's account of it. As the hour for the meeting approached Ingalls became more and more perturbed. He requested that Ware speak first. Ware agreed to speak five minutes. Ingalls urged him to make it fifteen minutes — then an hour. Ware spoke thirty minutes. When Ingalls rose cold perspiration beaded his forehead. He stammered and halted and blundered for fifteen minutes, then quit. Years after, in a letter to Ware, he recalled the incident:

I am glad to know that I have established any claim to the good will of the people of Fort Scott. I have not hitherto been able to disguise from

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myself the fact that I had few friends in that locality. I tried to make a speech there once, but the reception I met with "froze the genial currents of my soul!" It gives me the rigors to recall that polar evening. A declamation from the apex of an iceberg in the silence of an arctic midnight, would have been hilarious midsummer bacchanalian revelry by comparison.

His frigid reception was altogether an illusion. Ware stopped talking for the reason that the audience was impatient and eager to hear Ingalls. Another illusion was manifest, for Ingalls had many friends in Fort Scott,—warm and faithful friends whose devotion has outlived the tomb. But remarkable delusions come to men of genius.

The feud between Ingalls and Cleveland was not of the President's seeking. He had, in fact, counted on a sort of alliance with Ingalls. Of this intention the Senator had no intimation, and he was vitriolic in his references to the new incumbent of the White House and his administration.

Justice Field was a Democrat. Ingalls was a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. By that maze of formal social precedents known as official etiquette in Washington, Mrs. Ingalls sat

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beside Justice Field at White House dinners for years. Her daughter Marion was so disgusted with the failure of the Republican party to nominate Arthur for President that she avowed herself a Democrat, which avowal she steadily held to. At a dinner given soon after the inauguration of Cleveland, Mrs. Ingalls mentioned this fact to Justice Field. So remarkable did he consider it that he, later in the evening, informed the President, who went at once to Mrs. Ingalls and requested her to bring her Democratic daughter to see him at the White House.

Within a fortnight Mrs. Ingalls, in her daily drive about the city, passed the White House. Marion — then but a child — was with her, and it occurred to Mrs. Ingalls to stop and see the President.

Cleveland was beset with many difficulties in getting his administration under way. He had little knowledge of the details of executive usage. The hungry and thirsty spoils-men besieged him. He did not know whom to trust, and he reviewed all applications for office himself. This required much time, to secure which he excluded all callers during some hours other Presidents had been ac-

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cessible to the public. When Mrs. Ingalls appeared in the reception-room she was told that she could not see the President at that hour. She, however, added "and Marion" to the inscription on her card and had it carried to the President who directed that she be admitted at once. Mr. Cleveland met her cordially and expressed pleasure at seeing someone who did not come seeking an office. He was delighted to see Marion, engaged her in conversation, gave her flowers, and inquired who had given her her beautiful name. To this question she replied by naming the Ingalls family physician at Atchison. "Why", said the President, "he is one of the fellows wanting to be postmaster there." Mrs. Ingalls was surprised at what he said, thinking it wonderful that in such short time he had so familiarized himself with affairs as to be able to recognize an applicant for postmaster in a country village upon the mere mention of his name by a child. This introduced the subject of patronage, and Mr. Cleveland mentioned the embarrassment under which he was laboring. He wished to appoint only the best men, but he knew that political endorsements did not usually fall to the best men. He spoke kindly

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of Senator Ingalls, and Mrs. Ingalls knew when she left that he would not be averse to having the judgment of her husband on the applications for office from Kansas. When she went home she learned that he had that day spoken with such bitterness of the new President and his administration that no such relation as had been suggested by Mr. Cleveland could ever be possible.

Ill-feeling between these two great men increased from that day and grew into one of the most famous and most bitter official feuds in the history of our government.

Mrs. Ingalls was in the galleries and heard the famous passage at arms between her husband and Senator Voorhees. She saw the tall Hoosier led vanquished from the Senate chamber. Later she and a party of friends went into the Senate restaurant and ordered refreshments, and sent for Ingalls but were told that the Senate had adjourned and that the Senator had gone immediately home.

The extreme bitterness between Ingalls and Chief-Justice Horton as a result of the contest of

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the second election was a feature in Kansas politics for years. But these two great Kansans were brought to a reconciliation through the efforts of Bailie P. Waggener, the friend of both. The meeting was in the office of Waggener in Atchison. It had been previously arranged, and was set for a late hour in the evening. Horton arrived promptly, but Ingalls was late by a quarter of an hour, as was his habit. He came in with an apology for his tardiness. He was faultlessly attired and perfectly composed. When he entered the room Waggener said that he supposed they would prefer to be alone and offered to withdraw, but was urged to remain by both, which he did.

Ingalls began the advances necessary to the matter by saying that he regretted the famous Atchison speech more than he could tell. Horton came forward with words of apology for his course. Amends were made and perfect harmony secured before midnight. Of this event very few people were ever informed. Horton and Ingalls had been associated a long time in the publication of the "Atchison Champion" in the absence of John A. Martin, the proprietor, in the army.

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Bailie P. Waggener is one of the foremost lawyers of the West. He is General Solicitor for the Missouri Pacific Railway, in the service of which he has been for many years. He is a Democrat, and has long been prominent in Kansas public affairs. As State Senator from Atchison County he secured the passage of a bill giving one of the places at the disposition of Kansas in Statuary Hall at Washington to Ingalls; also an appropriation to pay for the statue of the famous Kansan. This statue has been placed in the Hall, and it is by far the finest and most striking to be seen there.

Of mountains, Ingalls said:

What an immortal fascination there is about mountains! Their solemnity, their silence, the grandeur of their outlines, the unspeakable glory of their lofty crags and "snowy summits old in story", and their splendid inutility!

When you look upon the vague and troubled immensity of the ocean, you think of commerce and codfish and whales. When you contemplate the grassy waste of prairies, expanding to the skies, you think of wheat and corn and pigs and steers. But Pike's Peak and Sierra Blanca and Trenchery and Culebra and the Tetons are good

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for nothing except adoration and worship. Man does not profane their solitudes where the unheard voices of the winds in the forests, of waters falling in the abyss, and the eagle's cry have no audience nor anniversary.

And of the sea Ingalls wrote:

The ancients had a saying that those who cross the sea change their sky, but not their minds,—“*Qui trans mare current coelum non animam mutant*”. No man can escape from himself. The companionship is inseparable.

But there is something more than change of locality in the isolation of a long ocean voyage. When the last dim headland disappears, and the continent vanishes in the deep, the separation from the human race is complete. All the accustomed incidents and habits of life are suspended, and those who are assembled in that casual society might be the solitary survivors of mankind.

Wars and catastrophes and bereavements may shock the world, but here they are unheard and unknown. Suns rise and set and rise again, but the great ship makes no apparent progress. She remains the centre of an unchanging circumference. The vast and sombre monotony is unbroken. Above is the infinite abyss of the sky

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with its clouds and stars. Beneath is the infinite abyss of the sea with its winds and waves. Sometimes the faint phantom of a sail appears above the vague fluctuating horizon and silently fades away, or a stain of smoke against the distant mist discloses the pathway of some remote and unknown tenant of the solitude.

The moods of the sea are endless, but it has no compassion. It glitters in the sun, but its smile is cruel and relentless. It is eager to devour. Its forces are destructive. Each instant is fraught with peril. Its agitation is incessant, and it lies in wait to engulf and destroy. Resisting every effort to subdue its obstacles, when its baffled billows are cleft, they gather in the ghastly wake, and rage at their discomfiture.

In the presence of this implacable enemy, whose smiles betray, whose voice is an imprecation, whose embrace is death, meditation becomes habitual and the mind changes like the sky.

In the famous interview on polities, Ingalls said :

The purification of polities is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Polities is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To

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defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. The Republicans and Democrats are as irreconcilably opposed to each other as were Grant and Lee in the Wilderness. They use ballots instead of guns, but the struggle is as unrelenting and desperate and the result sought for the same. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to destroy. The commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This modern cant about the corruption of polities is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from tea-custard and syllabub diletanteism and frivolous sentimentalism.

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